

# The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and Art

NUMBER 657, FOURTEENTH YEAR  
VOL. XXII

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

## "A Poem of the Elements"

AN APPRECIATION OF NIAGARA: AUGUST, 1891.

MY FIRST VIEW of the Falls was had from Prospect Park, and the feeling of delighted surprise which I then experienced grew even stronger as I wandered along the shores and around the islands of the beautiful stream. Surprise, that the descriptions I had read should have failed so completely to express the distinctive charm, the true genius, the essential quality of the scene. However these descriptions may differ in detail, they nearly all agree in failing to seize the one characteristic note. Awe, terror, sublimity, a sense of limitless and destructive power—these are the impressions which most of the writers profess to have received at Niagara. Dickens, indeed, is penetrated with a feeling of peace and tranquillity; but even to him the prospect brings "thoughts of the dead." Mr. Howells makes his Basil and Isabel March so oppressed by a sense of horror and gloom, of insignificance in the presence of cruel and irresistible force, that they cannot breathe freely, and are only anxious to quit the spot. Others draw a conventional moral, and find an evidence of Godhead in the rush and roar of the river which the still small voice of the brook and the delicate beauty of the blossom have seemingly failed to convey.

Now, I do not, of course, mean to charge these writers with conscious insincerity; nor yet, perhaps, ought the sentiments they avow to be classed as afterthoughts, like those retrospective reveries ridiculed by Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad." But it seems probable that these terror-stricken people have allowed themselves to be governed by what artists term "literary motives," ignoring or sophisticating their own perceptions. The artists themselves, with their feeling for color, have done better; but after all, the effects are too elusive for pictorial reproduction. The famous pictures by Church and Inness are fine works of art, but "the best in this kind are but shadows." The life and movement, the rush and sparkle of Niagara, are beyond the painter's range and scope; the poet alone can give us somewhat of these. Nor have the photographers, those itinerant priests of realism, been more successful. They are fond of grouping and foreshortening the various features of the cataract, so as to produce the effect of a continuous façade, as it were; to furnish a "complete view" of the Falls, that shall give the purchaser the fullest value of his money. For the "average man" is fatally rectilinear in his taste, and a magnified mill-dam would best express his ideal of a cataract. He does not perceive that Niagara owes half its beauty to its charming irregularity of outline, to the curves and bays and projections that, while they diminish the apparent breadth of the Falls, offer a perpetual and bewitching effect of contrast, an infinite variety that age cannot wither, nor custom stale. The Naiad of the stream stoops to conquer, and disposes her Titanic proportions, thinking perchance to woo us with a fairy grace, a twinkling and dancing blithesomeness, as of some slenderest mountain brook. The vast body of water is spread over so wide a surface, is so broken up and attenuated by cunningly devised obstructions, that in most places it appears comparatively shallow. And even in the deepest parts of the Horseshoe, where the volume of water is immense, the beautiful tints of green that float upon its surface—the green of glass, or of malachite veined with spar—delight the eye with a fleeting yet perennial beauty, a beauty which condescends to something like prettiness. This glassy smoothness, by-the-by, is like the smoothness of water flowing over some green surface. Niagara veils her terrors, I

insist. Watch the columns of water as they descend. You receive no impression of high velocity; on the contrary, the effect is that of a slow and gentle movement, of a noble dignity and repose. A repose, indeed, that is not unbroken. For Niagara is nothing if not variable, and her incessant nobility is one of her finest charms. The shifting clouds of spray; the rainbow that comes and goes, often travelling in a few seconds from one airy pier to another, and dissolving as it flies; the foam-wreaths, white and soft as snow, constantly shattered and constantly renewed, offer a ceaseless but undistracting series of changes to the eye. Still further to dispel all danger of monotony, the picturesque and well-wooded islands that nestle amid the river's embracing arms, their verdure bathed in perpetual fountains of refreshing spray, let fall a tender and tremulous veil of shadow upon waters as green as themselves. Awe, terror, desolation, death? Preposterous! The fullest and most buoyant life, the sprightliest animation, the gayest colors and the loudest song—these are the language of that poem of the elements we call Niagara.

As for the "overwhelming," the "deafening" roar of the Falls which people profess to find, it did not exist for me. I have been in factories and mills where it was necessary to shout in order to make oneself heard by one's companion; but at Niagara one seldom had to raise one's voice. At the Whirlpool Rapids, again, one is expected to be appalled by the spectacle of the tumbling, foaming, spouting waters. For me it was a fascinating sight, but not a fearful one. These leaping, hurrying waves reminded me of white-maned horses, racing and gambolling in pure wantonness. But the Rapids lack the variety of the Falls. Of the latter I could not see enough, and my last impression was as pleasing as the first. Watching the Horseshoe was unalloyed pleasure. It gave me a keen, sensuous delight to follow with the eye the beautiful folds which the water made as it fell, now in rich masses with mimic fringes and tassels, now in slender arrowpoints, now in "rippled ringlets" of the purest white, now in sheets of the most delicate lacework. The shimmer produced by these falling masses is exquisitely soft, like the plumage of the swan, or the silken fur of some beautiful feline creature. And the vaporous volumes of spray at the base of the cataract—how soft, how pure! The beauty of it all made me long to break into singing.

Anywhere else but at Niagara, the Three Sister Islands would demand more than a passing word of praise. There they add one more lovely detail to a whole already too lovely for words to describe. In the presence of the fairy princess one does not speak of the pearls on her neck, the flowers in her hair.

E. J. H.

THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara shows that the work of restoration and improvement has been carried on during the year with commendable taste and skill. That, however, is fortunately nothing new; and the State of New York has reason to congratulate itself on the fidelity and intelligence of its appointees on this Board. For readers who are unacquainted with the wonderful changes affected at the Falls since the Reservation was established, the illustrations that accompany the Report will tell a part of the story. It is to be hoped that the Canadian authorities will coöperate with our Commissioners in constructing the proposed bridge below the Whirlpool. More than 500,000 persons, it is estimated, have visited the Falls during the year which ended on Sept. 30, 1893.

## Literature

### A New Shakespeare Concordance

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SHAKESPEARE CONCORDANCES are rare works. This is the second one worthy of the name; and the first appeared just half a century ago, the first number of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's well-known compendium having been published in 1844. There had been a few earlier "Concordances" or "Indexes" which were not worthy of the name, though answering a useful purpose in their day. The earliest, so far as we can learn, was an octavo volume of 470 pages, brought out in London by Andrew Becket in 1787, with the title, "A Concordance to Shakespeare: Suited to All the Editions, in which the Distinguished and Parallel Passages in the Plays of that Justly Admired Writer are Methodically Arranged." This was followed, in 1790, by Samuel Ayscough's "Index to the Remarkable Passages and Words Made Use of by Shakespeare; Calculated to Point Out the Different Meanings to which the Words are Applied," an octavo of 672 pages, originally published as the third volume of Ayscough's edition of the dramatist (London, 1790). A second edition of the "Index," somewhat revised, was brought out in London in 1827. In 1805 Francis Twiss published his "Complete Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakespeare; Comprehending Every Substantive, Adjective, Verb, Participle, and Adverb Used by Shakespeare; with a Distinct Reference to Every Individual Passage in which Each Word Occurs" (London, 2 vols. octavo, 1180 pages). Of this work 750 copies were printed, 542 of which were destroyed by a fire in 1807. It was never reprinted. Twiss's work was the first that professed to be a complete concordance, the earlier books by Becket and Ayscough being rather "phrase-books" (like Mr. Bartlett's excellent compilation, issued in 1881, and Mr. Davenport Adams's, in 1886); but it was imperfect and inaccurate, and, as we have seen, only about 200 copies of it ever got into circulation.

Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke's Concordance was of a higher order, and may fairly claim the honor we have accorded it as first among really standard works of its class. It was originally issued in eighteen parts, in 1844-45, and then as a royal octavo volume of 860 pages. The author—who, by the by, is still living at the venerable age of eighty-five, in Genoa, Italy—says in the preface:—"To furnish a faithful guide to this rich mine of intellectual treasure, superadding what was defective in my predecessors, Twiss and Ayscough, has been the ambition of my life; and it is hoped that the sixteen years' assiduous labor devoted to the work, during the twelve years' writing and the four more bestowed on collating with recent editions and correcting the press, may be found to have accomplished that ambition, and at length produced the great desideratum—a complete Concordance to Shakspere." It was, indeed, the most stupendous work that a woman had ever done for the poet who has done so much for woman; and it is a noteworthy fact that it was left for a woman, Mrs. Horace Howard Furness, to supplement and complete the achievement by her "Concordance to the Poems of Shakespeare" (Philadelphia, 1874). And now, after the lapse of fifty years, during which the Cowden-Clarke Concordance has been the one invaluable reference-book of the kind for editors, critics, teachers, students and readers of Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Bartlett, after devoting to its preparation the best part of sixteen years' labor, gives us a new Concordance, which is as marked an improvement in certain respects on its predecessor as that was on the work of Twiss and Ayscough, and which, we may safely predict, will not be superseded in another half-century at least.

It is a quarto volume of about 1400 double-columned pages in small but admirably clear type, and contains about 400,000 references. It covers the Poems (in a supplementary

index), as well as the plays. It does not supersede Mrs. Furness's Concordance, already referred to, which gives absolutely *every word* in the Poems—prepositions, conjunctions, interjections, pronouns and all—but it is obviously convenient, for ordinary purposes of reference, to have *all* Shakespeare's works indexed in a single volume, and in the manner that Mr. Bartlett has adopted. This suggests the most important difference between his work and Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's. The former is at once a Concordance and a Phrase-Book, giving passages of considerable length, and for the most part independent of the context. This may be illustrated by the very first entry in the two books. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's reads:—"Aaron—Aaron, arm thy heart. *Titus Andron.* ii. 1." Mr. Bartlett's has:—"Aaron. Then Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts, To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress. *T. Andron.* ii. 1. 1. 2." The longer quotation is not merely useful in verifying the form of a passage, but it is often indispensable to the critical student for showing the exact meaning or construction of a word. We have frequently had occasion to consult the Cowden-Clarke book for examples of a particular use of a word; and, while we could at once decide on some examples from the quotations given, we were doubtful about others until we had looked them up in the text of the play. We should say that in a large minority, if not an actual majority, of the cases in which one would have occasion to refer to a Concordance, the longer quotation would be more serviceable than the shorter.

The single specimen we have given from the two works will illustrate another improvement which Mr. Bartlett has made. He gives not only the act and scene in which the passage occurs, but also the line-number of the Globe edition, now accepted as the standard by editors, commentators and critics on both sides of the Atlantic. Many other recent editions—for instance, the Cambridge, the Henry Irving, the Clarendon Press, Rolfe's, and the Temple—number the lines of the scenes, the numbers varying from the Globe only in scenes wholly or partly in prose (on account of differences in type and length of line), and then but slightly. As many scenes in the plays contain several hundred lines—the last scene in "Love's Labour's Lost" has 942—the line-number is of material service in finding a passage in the text. The new Concordance also contains many more references than its predecessors—about one-third more, or 400,000 to 300,000, in round numbers. Some allowance is to be made for the inclusion of the poems; but the greater part of the excess is due to the insertion of select examples of the verbs *be*, *do*, *have*, *may*, etc., the auxiliary *let*, the adjectives *much*, *many*, *more*, *most*, and many adverbs, pronouns, prepositions, interjections, and conjunctions, omitted, with few exceptions, by Mrs. Cowden-Clarke. For instance, she gives seventeen quotations under *let*—all in which it is used as a principal verb,—while Bartlett gives a column and a half to the word, or more than a hundred quotations. Under *toward* or *towards* she gives fifteen quotations, including the two in which the adjective occurs; he has forty-eight. Of oaths and exclamations she gives "a few peculiar ones only," as stated in her preface; he gives more than she does, though omitting certain familiar ones, like *marry*, *sounds*, etc. She has *'slid* and *'slight*, for instance, but not *'sdeath* and *'swounds*.

Some may think that most of this additional matter can be of little interest or value even to critical students; but it is often important, and sometimes difficult to find elsewhere. We know, for example, that the little word *its* was just coming into use in Shakespeare's day, and that he occasionally uses it; but just how often does he use it? Is it found in his earlier plays, or only in the later ones, as we might expect? Few critics or commentators have given us any information on these points, and few students would know where to look for this information. The Cowden-Clarke book does not help us here, but Bartlett cites the ten instances of *its* in the plays (it does not occur in the Poems), and, with a single ex-

ception in "2 Henry VI.," iii. 2. 393 (where the earlier form of the play has *his*), all are in the later plays, and nearly all in the latest—two in "The Tempest" and four in "The Winter's Tale." The Concordance gives an example in "Romeo and Juliet," i. 3, 52; but here Mr. Bartlett is misled by a misprint in the Globe edition, which has *its*, though the Cambridge edition (which the Globe regularly follows) has *it*, like the early Quartos and the first and second Folios. This possessive *it*, moreover, as the Concordance shows, occurs sixteen times (in addition to the instance in "Romeo and Juliet"), in seven of which it is in the combination *it own*—as originally in the one example of *its* to be found in King James's Bible, as now printed (Leviticus xxv. 5).

Illustrations of this kind might be multiplied, if space permitted. Peculiar uses of *have* abound in the plays, like *have after*, *have at*, *have to* ("have to 't afresh," etc.), *have with*, etc.; but there is only a single clear example of the idiomatic *no had*? ("King John," iv. 2, 207), which is cited under *no*, though omitted under *had*. There are, also, many combinations with *do* now gone out of use, like *do danger*, *do ease*, *do loss*, *do shame*, *do sorrow*, *do to death* ("do the duke to death"), etc., none of which are to be found grouped together in the Cowden-Clarke Concordance, which ignores *do* even as a principal verb. This, by the way, suggests another excellent feature of Mr. Bartlett's work—the giving of "two or more words together as index-words in connection with those to which they are immediately joined in the text, to show more directly the particular use of a word." Thus, after a page or so filled with examples of *do*, we have half a page of others, under *do better*, *do bravely*, *do danger*, *do ease*, *do good*, *do grace*, etc. Possibly here it was a mistake not to include those examples in which one or more words occur between the *do* and its object. A student consulting the book might infer that Shakespeare had used *do danger* only in "Julius Caesar," ii. 1. 17; but under *do* we find *do much danger*, in "Romeo and Juliet," v. 2. 20. So in addition to *do ease*, in "Hamlet," i. 1. 131, we find under *do* other examples, like *do him ease*, *do thee so much ease*, etc.

The mechanical execution of the volume leaves nothing to be desired. It would be remarkable if misprints should not occur here and there, especially in the figures, in which, as every one who has had any experience in book-making knows, it is so easy to overlook an error in the proof-sheets. A misprinted word is more readily detected than a misprinted number; the former is wrong on the face of it, the latter looks as well as the right number. We thought we had detected an error in the use of a "lower case" letter instead of a capital, in the quotation (under *Temple-hall*) from "1 Henry IV.," iii. 3. 223:—"Meet me to-morrow in the temple hall"; but here, as in the *its* in "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Bartlett follows the Globe edition, which, even in its latest issues (we refer to one of 1891), has occasional slips of the type.

When Twiss's Concordance appeared it was savagely attacked in *The Eclectic Review* (vol. iii. p. 75) as the result of "an irreligious waste of time" on the part of the compiler; and the Rev. Mr. Meen (we will indulge in no pun on his name as suggesting his estimate of critical labor), who was once the owner of the copy of Becket's Concordance in the Barton Collection of the Boston Public Library, has lettered the volume "A. B.'s Nonsense on Shakespeare," besides writing this couplet in it:—

"Nonsense precipitate like running lead

Flows through the chinks and crannies of his head";  
but no lover of Shakespeare will reckon the eighteen years spent by Mrs. Cowden-Clarke on her Concordance, or the sixteen years by Mr. Bartlett on his, as time wasted. Rather must he thank God that now and then a man or woman is to be found who will submit to such prolonged drudgery as a labor of love for his brethren; for no work of the kind can ever "pay" the editor in a pecuniary way, and it must be many years before the publisher is remunerated for his outlay upon it.

#### The Columbian Congress of Anthropology

*Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology. Edited by C. Staniland Wake, on Behalf of the Publication Committee. Chicago: Schulte Publishing Co.*

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST of the many happy ideas which, well carried into effect, ensured the unexampled success of the World's Columbian Exposition, was certainly the series of Congresses,—scientific, commercial, philosophical, and religious,—which gave the event a peculiar and to many a wholly unexpected attraction, of the highest intellectual and moral charm. Indeed, it may fairly be claimed that, among the survivals of the Exposition, the reports of these Congresses will take the foremost rank. They embody the best evidences of modern progress, and the very flower of nineteenth-century enlightenment. No public or private library which is designed to present to its readers the attainments of our age, at the highwater mark of its development, should be without this remarkable series of reports, which is now in course of publication.

Among these Congresses that of Anthropology, including in its scope its sister sciences of archaeology, ethnology, folklore, mythology, and linguistics, certainly ranked with the highest in general interest. In one sense, indeed, the whole Exposition may be said to have been one continuous Congress and illustration of this "science of man," comprising as it did almost all sorts and conditions of men, civilized and barbarous, and evidences of almost all the achievements of the human intellect, from the humblest to the highest grade,—from the wigwam and cliff-cavern of the savage to the architectural splendors of the White City itself. In a narrower sense, the special advantages for the study of this science, in the collections of the Anthropological Building, the Government Building, the various National and State buildings, and above all in the singularly instructive object-lessons of the Midway Plaisance, have never before been equalled. Never before, assuredly, has the great and all-important lesson of the "unity in variety" of the human race been so clearly taught and so profoundly impressed.

Of the Memoirs which compose the present volume,—thirty-five in number, filling 375 pages, and averaging, therefore, nearly eleven pages to each,—it is, of course, impossible within the limits of a notice like the present to give any detailed account. It seems reasonable, however, to refer specially to the contributions of the members of the Executive Committee, to whose exertions and recognized abilities the success of the Congress must be mainly ascribed. As might be expected, their contributions were all prepared with evident care, and each of them is, in fact, a valuable treatise on some subject of distinct scientific importance. Dr. Brinton's address as President deals with "The Nation as an Element in Anthropology," and touches on many points of peculiar interest in this era of forming and contending nationalities. His briefer papers on "Various Supposed Relations between the American and Asian Races," and on "The Present State of American Linguistics," are full of information. The same may be said of the contributions of the Secretary, Dr. Franz Boas, on the physical "Anthropology of the North American Indians," and on the "Classification of the Languages of the North Pacific Coast,"—both being subjects in which he is well known to be at home. Mr. W. H. Holmes gives us a clear and well-illustrated treatise on the "Natural History of Flaked-Stone Implements"; and Prof. Otis T. Mason furnishes an equally thorough study of "Aboriginal American Mechanics." Mr. W. W. Newell, representing the "American Folk-lore Society," deals happily with his subject of "Ritual Regarded as the Dramatization of Myth." Miss Alice C. Fletcher, representative of the "Women's Anthropological Society," presents a charming account of "Love-songs among the Omaha Indians," and the customs connected with them. Being thus pleasantly reminded of the rule of "place aux dames," we must not fail to notice the paper of her only two sister-contributors to the Congress,—both essays well deserved.

ing attention for their own merits. Mrs. Sara Y. Stevenson displays the result of much research and reflection in treating on "An Ancient Egyptian Rite Illustrating a Phase of Primitive Thought"; and Mrs. Matilda C. Stevenson has given us an equally instructive "Chapter of Zuni Mythology."

The Memoirs presented by foreign members of the Congress have their special claims to attention, both as a matter of courtesy and for their intrinsic value. Emilio Montes offers some novel views on the "Antiquity of the Civilization of Peru," whose ancient edifices, he holds, antedate even those of Egypt and Assyria. The distinguished traveller, Carl Lumholtz, well describes the "Cave-Dwellers of the Sierra Madre"; and the eminent archaeologist, John E. Phené, tells us of the "Tumuli of Hampshire as a Central Group of the Tumuli of Britain." "Orientation," or the position of ancient temples and modern churches in their relation to the points of the compass and to the heavenly bodies, is intelligently discussed by A. L. Lewis. "The Religious Symbolism of Central America" and its wide distribution has a well-informed expounder in Francis Parry, F.R.G.S. (England). Two contributions in German, the one by Dr. Emil Hassler, of Paraguay, on the native tribes of the "Gran Chaco,"—the vast and seldom visited region of tall grass, swamps, and thickets, which stretches westward from the Paraguay River,—and the other by Friedrich G. Krauss, on the "Popular Superstition concerning the Vilas (or Wood Spirits) of the South Slavs," are both of singular interest.

For the rest of the Memoirs it must suffice to mention their authors' names, most of which will, to persons familiar with the class of subjects discussed in this volume, afford ample assurance of its value. These names are,—in the order in which they occur in the table of contents,—Gerald M. West, H. E. Mercer, G. H. Perkins, Harlan I. Smith, Ernest Volk, Walter Hough, John C. Fillmore, Stephen D. Peet, C. H. Richardson, Frank Hamilton Cushing, Washington Matthews, George F. Kunz, A. F. Chamberlain, and Cyrus Adler. It should be added that the handsome and substantial volume is, in its interior arrangement and its general appearance, a credit to the Publication Committee and its accomplished editor, as well as to the publishers.

#### "Perlycross"

*A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore. Harper & Bros.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED NOVEL is "Perlycross"—and in that locution we mean to imply a wholesome flavor of cleanliness and sweet living, a fragrance as from a press of linen hoarded in lavender. That it is also a great novel we hesitate with unwilling diffidence to aver. At all events, Mr. Blackmore has waited four years since "Kit and Kitty" was published, and if this is not quite the completed period of Horatian restraint, it is at least three years and six months more than the average popular novelist is capable of—and that alone must give this story an honorable distinction. But how little Mr. Blackmore fits this description of "popular novelist." "Lorna Doone" is surely one of the great stories of the century, and its author has lived to enjoy an almost posthumous fame, for we take it that many have already placed him in the niche of a past generation, and will realize with a certain surprise that he is a contemporary of Hardy, Kipling and Meredith. He has made Linton a famous headquarters for pilgrimages into the fabled haunts of the Doones, but we do not believe that the innkeepers of that beautiful bit of Devonshire would seriously consider a statement to the effect that he to whom they owe so much has put his name to a title-page still wet from the press. This sense of classic reputation goes to give the reviewer a sort of awesome respect in reading "Perlycross," and the captious eye, alert for joints in an author's armor, is dimmed in honest admiration of genius already proved. But the new book is not another "Lorna Doone": that is Mr. Blackmore's misfortune, not ours. We are content to have a fat 500 page octavo, of which we can

read every word in peaceful satisfaction, a novel whose characters go, as Goethe said of something very different,

"Like a star without haste, without rest  
Each one pursuing his God-given rest."

It is the chronicle of a Devonshire village, set forth for public delectation, told with wit and salient humor, with pathos and delicate fancy interwoven into a charming fabric. The accomplished gentleman shows himself as much as the gentle student of human nature, the enthusiastic fly-fisherman, or the earnest farmer, in the writing of this book, while those ambitious of style can find few better horn-books than this, if they would learn how pungent allusion, careful collocation of well-polished phrases, and intricate unfolding of character mark the master-hand. If there is a central figure to group the Perlycross folk about, it is the gentle parson, Mr. Penniloe, and him in particular do we learn to love. The pathetic and noble death of Sir Thomas Waldron, the mystery of his disappearance from his grave, the cloud of suspicion which falls upon the gallant young doctor, Jemmy Fox, and a joyous ending with a triple weding—this is the story which takes us through the agricultural year, whose incidents of heavy crops and wrecking storms, of fairs and wrestling bouts, smugglers and mysterious Spaniards, stippled in upon the simple work-a-day life of the villagers and their gentry, arrest the progress of the plot in delectable diversion. It took us a week to read the book, and we wish it might have been two. This we can say without forgetting the conclusion which odious comparison forced hitherto—that it is not a very great novel we have just made room for on the library shelf.

That Mr. Blackmore himself lives in such a parish as Perlycross and is highly regarded by his neighbors is a pleasant fact to note, though the prophet has more honor in his own country from the size of his pippins than from anything he has written. But we know that reputation in letters is not always prized by sturdy Englishmen. When my lord of March and Ruglen, in "The Virginians," sees Mr. Samuel Richardson go by at Turnbridge Wells—the author of "Clarissa," adored of women,—he is moved to ask his friend Jack Morris, "which would you rather be, a fat, old printer who has written a story about a confounded girl, or a Peer of Parliament with ten thousand a year?" "March, my lord March, do you take me for a fool?" says Jack, with a tearful voice. "Have I done anything to deserve this language from you?"

#### Voyages and Adventures

1. *Voyages of Foxe and James to the North-West in 1631-32. Edited by M. Christy. 2 vols. London: Hakluyt Society. 2. Adventures in Algiers of Mathew Dodge. Longmans, Green & Co.*

THE ACCENT of the land where you are born, said La Rochefoucauld, adheres to your mind and heart as well as to your language. This truism is so true that no one can read the "Northwest Foxe" (1), as the first volumes on our list are quaintly called, without recognizing instantly their English origin, for the English, of all seventeenth-century Europeans, possessed (André Chénier's "le génie est la raison sublime,") that sublimated reason which amounts to genius. In this, indeed, and in their persistent love of adventure and discovery, they were the lineal children of the great Genoese and Venetians, and every map one picks up is replete with their names and memories, as the ancients built temples to their gods on Sunium and Ægina. The Hakluyt Society is the collective "Old Mortality" who keeps alive these memories, glimmering ever more faintly against the "backward and abyss of time." Their publications, like those of old Purchas, are of priceless value to the student of historic geography who watches the successive explorations of the Western seas and the lifting of the Cimmerian veil from their gulfs and continents, and studies the shapings of these discoveries. Mr. Winsor's recent studies in comparative and chronological cartography show the value of the work of the

early explorers when their travels were geometrically projected and maps were made to show the meanderings of the men who first burst into those silent seas. The present reprints exhibit the tracks and trails followed by the doughty Foxe of Hull and James of Bristol, who in 1631-32 went in search of the ever-flitting "Northwest Passage," that vanishing maiden who is the siren of discoverers. The Lorelei song of Chamisso and of Heine is not more elusive or more fearsome. The same covers contain the narratives of the earlier hungerers and thirsters after this dangerous witch, such as Frobisher, Davis, Weymouth, Hall, Knight, Hudson, Button, Baffin and others, men who lived and died under the Circe-spell of the "magnetic pole," the arctic circle, and the spices and gold of faraway Cathay. The rude culture of Foxe and James is only equalled by their gayety, fear of God, and indefatigable courage. The accounts embrace the voyages between 1576 and 1632 and are written in that nervous, powerful, yet rather confused English of Elizabethan and Jacobean times which, while picturesque and full of pomp, shows the language still laboring for expression. Mr. Christy's introduction clears up many matters, and his footnotes and commentary render essential service in following the tortuous courses of the voyagers.

"The Travels of Mathew Dudgeon" (2) reads like a clever imitation of Defoe and the navigators of the last century: they are modern to the last degree and relate the perilous adventures of a gentleman in Algiers who was taken captive by the Moslems. The fluent narrative, slightly archaic in flavor, abounds in graphic and rather morbid pictures of Barbary before the Congress of Vienna, and with it are interwoven tales of damsels all forlorn, harems, kidnappings, captivities, and onslights by fire and flood. The imitation, if it is one, is like those specimens of quadruple plate on white metal which can hardly be distinguished from sterling—very good indeed. Interspersed with the context are love-poems and Turkish and Italian songs which purport to be translations.

#### "Recollections of a Virginian"

By Gen. Dabney H. Maury. Charles Scribner's Sons.

GEN. MAURY'S account of his life and surroundings, from childhood to his relief as Minister to the United States of Colombia, is highly interesting. It contains the record of his impressions of various scenes and incidents at home and abroad, especially of his experiences during the Mexican War and the Rebellion. One wonders, while reading his character-sketches of some of our military leaders, whether he formed his estimates of these men in the early days when they were his companions, and found them confirmed by their later exploits; or whether he started at the end of their careers, and, working backward, built up by the light thus obtained his later estimate of their earlier characteristics. To know which course he has pursued would be of interest, as of aid in determining how accurately one can prognosticate the career of a man who becomes great. Gen. Maury's life as a cadet at West Point, where he was "immured for four years, the only unhappy years of a very happy life," must be a sad blot, and one he would undoubtedly like to efface, as then he would have an unbroken record of life-long happiness. In spite of his dark cadet days, however, he returned to the Academy as an instructor, and derived benefit and pleasure from the place and its surroundings. On page 229, referring to a conversation with Gen. Taylor, he says:—"Knowing my opinion of West Point, Taylor gave his views on the education of officers for the U. S. Army," which views were not very flattering; but Maury evidently approved them. We know not his grievance, but we do know that he willingly took advantage of his standing as a graduate of West Point to return there, and to follow his chosen vocation to the end of the Civil War. It is not becoming to decry the Alma Mater that rears one for life's duties, and perhaps Gen. Maury does not intend to do so; but that is

the inference which must almost inevitably be drawn from his book.

His accounts of life in Texas and on the frontier are interesting, as the scenes described are things of the past. The conditions there have changed since the advent of railroads, and few, if any, of the landmarks of Army life in those early days are left. As a whole, the book is entertaining, and of equal interest to the Army and to those who take pleasure in tales of sport, travel and the stirring scenes of war. It is, also, an intensely Virginian book, and, while we are willing to admit that Virginians are all this author claims, the contrast between his sketches of people from his own State and others is rather marked. It is unintentional, of course, and must be credited to Gen. Maury's burning loyalty to the Mother of Presidents.

#### Fiction

THERE IS ENOUGH ADVENTURE in "Red Cap and Blue Jacket" to keep the reader's interest alive to the end. It is a story of the time of the French Revolution, and the scene varies from a coral islet in the South Pacific to Scotland and France. The author, Mr. George Dunn, has skilfully introduced the closing scenes of the reign of Robespierre, and has graphically portrayed the sanguinary eccentricities of a Paris mob. He is not particularly clever in constructing conversation, but his narrative is stirring. It is in the action of the story, rather than in the characters, that the principal interest centres. In fact, one feels that the characters are rather commonplace people who have met with unusual experiences. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"THE DANCING FAUN," an English novel by Florence Farr, rehearses the opinions of characters whose creator is constantly and vainly endeavoring to conceal their natural and pinchbeck vulgarity by endowing them with long-descended names and adjectives of luxurious description. The purpose of the book is plainly to achieve sensation in cheap imitation of the obnoxious audacity and "advanced" views of such stories as "A Yellow Aster" and "A Superfluous Woman." Perhaps this author will attain for her book a like notoriety, but it is enough for the present to dismiss it with a curt word of disgust. (Roberts Bros.)

THE YOUNG ENGLAND that is devoted to Art and Thought—to the art of dress and to thoughts of self—is very happily hit off in G. S. Street's "Autobiography of a Boy." "Tubby" is the curious result of a misapplication of the late Matthew Arnold's well-intentioned efforts. When he should be at the races or reading law, he is cultivating rare vices for their sweetness, or trying to keep alive the light that leads astray. He brings to this fad, as he would to any other, the energy, the obstinacy, the method—all the valuable qualities of his race. He attacks the antiquated prejudices of his parents, tutors and friends with true British courage, and is careful to preserve appearances when compelled to beat a retreat. Usually he gets the worst of the encounter; but then, his opponent represents nothing but brute force; or, if she happen to be a woman, it is his own magnanimity that induces him to withdraw from an unequal contest. Tubby's motto is that "we must live our lives and beware of altruism." In company with the unregenerate of his own age he feels "so old, and sad, and very weary." They storm his little fort of individuality, and laugh at his pretensions to art, tell him he "does himself too well" to be an artist, and advise him to "chuck the whole boiling." His dear, choleric, old-world father happens to remark that he is but a plain, uncultivated sort of person, and the dutiful son assures him that he respects him none the less on that account. He objects to clergymen, because, representing an institution whose charm and meaning are that it keeps the remote past with us, they are neither properly quaint and mediæval, nor modern as he is modern. He has no illusions about stage beauties and the like. They are snobbish and unspeakably tedious. He once believed in the criminal class as a patch of glorious red on the dull grey of our stupid civilization; but its members lapse too often into virtue. At last, compelled to emigrate to Canada, Tubby welcomes the change, for he imagines that a career of beautiful flaunting crime awaits him in that savage land, and, though he regrets the necessity of abandoning the garments on which he had expended so much thought and taste, he consoles himself with the idea that the wild Canadians dress picturesquely, and that, probably, a red sash will be the keynote of his scheme, and the appropriate symbol of his new life. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"THE GRANDEE," translated from the Spanish of Armando Palacio Valdés, is of all the novels that have come to us from the modern Spanish school the most thoroughly disagreeable and repulsive. Its power none can deny, but it is almost inconceivable that a man should devote so much careful work to such a theme. With some lightness and quite a degree of humor, he dissects the quaint elements which make up old-fashioned society in a provincial city of Spain. We penetrate into the grim mansions, which look down through mullioned windows on the narrow streets of such a town, with unusual interest; the picture is complete, the local color perfect. Once we have covered these earlier chapters and reached the second half of the book, the gaiety and grotesqueness of the pictures of life sink before the horror of the terrible and tragic corruption of Amalia and the martyrdom of Josefina. The last pages are tinged with intolerable gloom, and in a society comparatively as civilized as our own, the revenge of the unnatural mother seems completely overdrawn. The author contends, however, that in the cryptic and cloistered provincial life which he describes, where the light of censure can hardly reach a powerful criminal, such wickedness as is perpetrated upon Josefina is neither improbable nor unprecedented. The story opens between thirty and forty years ago, and represents Oviedo and its social customs at an epoch a little earlier than the time when the novelist was forming his freshest and most vivid impressions of life. In these pages we have a singular transcript of Spanish pride and picturesqueness, of a narrow society absolutely fortified against public opinion by its ancient prejudices—a society, nevertheless, in which the passions of humanity stir and interact with as much dangerous vivacity as under freer, more democratic conditions. Whether these passions and their results are or are not fit subjects for the art of the novelist is a question which each reader must answer for himself. The story has an introduction by Edmund Gosse. (London: William Heinemann.)

"STRUTHERS" and "The Comedy of Masked Musicians" are two stories in one volume, by Anna Bowman Dodd. The first is a history of the social evolution of John Ethan Struthers and his wife. They had met, they had loved, they had married, and they had lived an entirely blameless married life. When their financial condition was changed, and they were filled with an ambition to be fashionable, they had to give up their old friends, move into new quarters and alter their mode of life radically, even their manners and customs towards each other. The wife disliked it utterly, but the husband persisted, until one of his new club friends insulted his wife grossly, when he at last consented to give it all up and go to Europe. There is some humor in the way in which this social evolution is brought about, but the thread that holds it is so slight that it can scarcely be called a story at all. "The Comedy of Masked Musicians" opens with a scene on the Cowes parade, with a number of people on a hotel piazza listening to a man singing and a woman playing his accompaniments on an organ. One of the women on the piazza has a wealthy English nobleman, a married man, at her feet, and, on the pretext of charity, she procures from him the money to educate these street musicians, and enable them to make a living out of their profession. They are man and wife, the disinherited son of this nobleman and the woman he married against his father's will. It is rather an interesting story, but there is too little in it to comment upon. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

"CARLOTTA'S INTENDED, and Other Stories," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, is a perfectly charming collection of short stories, some of which have seen the light of day before in various magazines, and all of which deserve to be preserved in permanent form. No better idea of the volume could be given than a slight outline of the initial story, "Carlotta's Intended." A one-legged Irish cobbler, named Pat, occupies a room in the top story over a dirty, forlorn little shop in New Orleans, kept by an Italian and his wife and a swarm of children. The oldest of these, Carlotta, is the idol of Pat's existence. He makes her the first pair of red shoes she ever wears, he bores holes in his trunk and fixes a latch on the inside, that the child may take refuge there from her father's and mother's beatings, he stands between her and any evil that can touch her, until she is a grown woman, and he realizes that all the sweetness life holds for him is centred in her. She is deeply grateful, and loves him so much that he hopes to win her, and works with his whole heart to that end, only to find, when he comes at last to claim her, that in spite of herself a man nearer to her in age and spirit has taken her from him. Pat is Carlotta's Intended, but he yields her without a murmur, and after his death she makes

what amends she can. The contrast between the Irish and the Italian element is wonderfully brought out in this story. Pat's Irish humor is perfectly delicious, and the unselfish beauty of his nature and his pathetic life and death are very appealing. The story is irresistibly attractive, but scarcely more so than the others. (Harper & Bros.)

#### Poetry and Verse

IT IS A charming volume of *vers de société* which Mr. Alfred Cochrane has given us, entitled "The Kestrel's Nest, and Other Verses." "The Ballade of Moderate Circulation," "To Miss Peggy," "The Great Question" and "Philosophy of the Summer" might be adopted without blushing by Mr. Austin Dobson, upon whom the author has apparently formed himself. "The Ballade of the Philistine," another clever piece, is marred by a false accent which recurs in every stanza. These graceful, witty, good-humored verses ought certainly to be popular. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—"ADRIATICA," by Percy Pinkerton, contains thirty or forty short poems, many of which have been reprinted from a volume published at Venice. Besides these there is a letter in verse by the late John Addington Symonds, written in answer to one from Mr. Pinkerton. The literary merit as well as the tone of these poems varies with the author's mood, and the selection has not always been made judiciously. Flashy, fantastic pieces like "Auto-da-Fé," "A Dream" and "Mors Pronuba" should have been excluded. A writer who can produce verse as good as "Arietta Cinquecento," "In an Arbor at Asolo" and "To Corinna," ought to have taste enough to distinguish the choice wine from the crude. The warm, rich color of Venice has impressed itself on Mr. Pinkerton's verse, and his descriptions of Italian scenery are extremely vivid. The opening poem, "On Asolan Hills," recalls Matthew Arnold in style and feeling as well as in rhythm. (London: Gay & Bird.)

THE AUTHOR OF "A Sheaf of Poems," Mr. George Perry, whose kindly face looks out from the frontispiece of his book, was for many years editor of *The Home Journal*. As a transcendentalist, a former Fourierite, and a believer in human perfectibility, he exhibited the New England type of pre-Darwinian optimism—a type which is fast becoming extinct. His verses will be prized by his surviving friends, who can expand and interpret the imperfect expression by the intuition of sympathy. "A Judgment Hymn," which is a sort of Universalist "Dies Irae," deserves favorable mention. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—IN "EROTICA" Mr. Arthur Clark Kennedy records his amatory experiences, real or imaginary. These have apparently been varied enough, but not in any way singular. If we could take his account of his symptoms literally, his condition would seem to invite pathological inquiry. The physical charms of this or that woman of the author's acquaintance, and the sensations of Mr. Kennedy in their presence, are not yet objects of world-wide interest. His obligations to other writers, as in "Even Though I Were Dead," which at once recalls a well-known passage in Tennyson's "Maud," are palpable. We admit, however, that *cachet* as a rhyme for *lashes*, and a description of a boat that goes "sliding down the weather," are pure Kennedy. (London: Gay & Bird.)—COL. WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON'S criticism of life, as manifested in his book, "My Garden Walk," has no special literary or philosophical value. His verses are readable and free from conspicuous faults; they are easily forgettable, too, which may count as a negative merit. Probably in Col. Johnston's case the sword is mightier than the pen. (New Orleans: F. F. Hansell & Bro.)—"DUCK CREEK BALLADS," by John Henton Carter ("Commodore Rollingpin") is a collection of domestic, narrative and humorous pieces, mostly in the dialect of the Southwest. They are entirely harmless, and well suited to the taste of their provincial admirers. (New York: H. C. Nixon.)

"NAIVETÉ IN ART," says Mr. Henry James, "is like a cipher in a number; its importance depends upon the figure it is united with." The naiveté in "Pompeii, the City of Doom," by Benjamin F. Leggett, is evident enough; the other factor is conjectural, though its value cannot be high. (Ward, Penn.: published by the author.)—BUT HOWEVER LITTLE of the divine fire Mr. Leggett reveals, he has a certain sense of poetic diction and color, whereas Mr. J. L. Hall's naiveté is utterly unadorned. Mr. Hall has written a five-act drama entitled "Judas," which is published at Williamsburg, Va., by Henry T. Jones. Mr. Hall has not troubled himself to impart an archaic tinge to his language. Caius, a Roman soldier of the time of Christ, says to Judas:—"I would

not boldly advertise myself as a pearl that would cause a furore in the matrimonial market." The construction is as naive as the text.—**MR. WILLIAM ENTRIKEN BAILY**, who has chosen for his "Dramatic Poems" the legendary subjects that Sophocles and other effete writers have striven to illustrate, is chiefly remarkable for an owlish solemnity and a more than Teutonic fondness of inversions. Some of these are exceedingly funny, e. g. :—

"Are measured not aright we Grecians here  
In deemng they you trammel with distrust."

Here is another anagram:—

"Thus feelings fresh and innocent withdraw  
In dread when come surprising rigors yours,  
The dread the more because concealed they,  
From a demeanor's courteousness to burst."

The volume closes with the invocation, "O Antigone, me return!" (Philadelphia: printed for the author.)

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*Natural History in "Titus Andronicus."*—Mr. Phil Robinson, in an article on "Shakespeare's Natural History" in *The Contemporary Review* (reprinted in No. 2599 of *Littell's Living Age*), attempts to throw "a new light" on the question of the authorship of "Titus Andronicus" by showing that "the natural history throughout the play is so absolutely identical with that of all the other plays attributed to Shakespeare that if anyone else wrote 'Titus Andronicus' he must have been so soaked in Shakespeare that it oozed out of him at every point without his knowing it"; or he must have been "Shakespeare's master," and the Stratford dramatist "closely imitated the natural history of that play" in every one of his own. The only animal mentioned in "Titus," and not in the other plays, is the panther, which occurs three times in the former; but this, it is urged, is not more curious than the fact that the elephant is mentioned three times in "Troilus and Cressida" (which no one doubts to be Shakespeare's) and nowhere else, except for an allusion to a pitfall in "Julius Caesar." The wild animals common to "Titus" and the other plays, like the lion, tiger, wild boar, etc., are "stock" creatures in the old rhetorical menagerie, and are referred to in the old familiar ways. The tiger is cruel and the lion generous in many another poet than Shakespeare. The domesticated animals, like the dog, cat, bull, cow, ass, etc., mentioned by Mr. Robinson, are no less the common property of poets in general. He dwells at great length on the fact that *urchin* is used both in "Titus" and the other plays, as a synonym for *goblin*. In the former we have (ii. 3. 103) "Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins"; and these, as we are told with quite superfluous iteration, *cannot* be hedgehogs. "Can you imagine it—ten thousand hedgehogs! \* \* \* Think of the empress, bound to a dismal yew with an acre of hedgehogs round her! No. Shakespeare intended the word *urchin* here to mean, as it does on the other three occasions in his plays, *goblins*. The picture is then complete, 'ten thousand goblins.'" The essayist is certainly right. These elfish beings were called *urchins* because they often took the form of hedgehogs; as Caliban tells us in "The Tempest" (ii. 2. 10), where, referring to the spirits "set upon" him by Prospero, he says:—

"then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie trembling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall."

But though these are among "the special animals of Shakespeare's fauna of witchcraft," no stress can be laid upon their occurrence in "Titus"; for other writers of the time use them in the same way. Spenser (F. Q. ii. 11. 13), describing evil spirits, says:—

"For some like Snails, some did like spydres shew,  
And some like ugly Urchins thick and short";

and in the "Maydes Metamorphosis" of Lylly (1600) we find (as in many other passages from contemporary literature that might be quoted) *urchins* for elves:—

"Trip it, little urchins all,  
Lightly as the little bee,  
Two by two, and three by three," etc.

Mr. Robinson discovers a remarkable parallel between the reference to the story of Philomela and Tereus in "Titus" (ii. 3. 43 and elsewhere) and the last poem in "The Passionate Pilgrim":—"Save the nightingale alone," etc. He thinks the introduction of the story "in the very words, almost, of one of Shakespeare's admitted poems, is a coincidence not likely to have been ventured

upon by a contemporary plagiarist." But so far from its being "one of Shakespeare's admitted poems," it is now almost unanimously agreed by the critics that the piece was written by Richard Barnfield, from whose "Poems in Divers Humors" (1598) the piratical publisher of "The Passionate Pilgrim" stole it, as he did the sonnet, "If music and sweet poetry agree," and as he also "conveyed" Marlowe's "Come, live with me" and sundry other things in his "larcenous little bundle of verse," as Swinburne calls it. Mr. Robinson also finds striking resemblances between passages in "Titus" and "I Henry VI.," which few, if any, critics now believe to be Shakespeare's. These "parallelisms" are delusive things, as the Baconians are beginning to find out.

It must be admitted, however, that one or two of those pointed out in "Titus" and the other plays are very curious. Titus calls Lavinia's tongue the "engine of her thoughts" (iii. 1. 82); and the very same expression is applied to the tongue in "Venus and Adonis," 367. So in "Titus" (iv. 2. 57) we have "What a caterwauling dost thou keep!" and in "Twelfth Night" (ii. 3. 76) "What a caterwauling do you keep here!" The latter, however, is a familiar colloquialism; and the former is not so remarkable as it might seem at first to those who do not know that *engine*, in Shakespeare's day, was used of almost any instrument or device. He himself makes the Duke in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (iii. 1. 138) speak of the rope-ladder he finds under Valentine's cloak as "an engine fit for my proceeding"; and in "All's Well" (iii. 5. 21) "promises, enticements, oaths, tokens" are called "engines of lust."

If Mr. Robinson's arguments are not conclusive, his paper is none the less interesting as a study of Shakespeare's natural history from a new point of view.

*The "Talma" Portrait of Shakespeare.*—Miss Annie Steger Winston of Richmond, Va., sends me the following note:—"In a letter of Charles Lamb's to his friend Field, written in the summer of 1822, he speaks of the Shakespeare portrait, or supposed Shakespeare portrait, mentioned in *The Critic* of Aug. 25. He says:—

"I had Talma to supper with me. He has picked up, as I believe, an authentic portrait of Shakespeare. He paid a broker about 40/- English for it. It is painted on the one-half of a pair of bellows—a lovely picture corresponding with the folio head. The bellows has old carved wings around it, and around the visomy is inscribed as near as I can remember, not divided into rhyme—I found out the rhyme:—

"Whom have we here  
Stuck on this bellows,  
But the prince of good fellows,  
Willy Shakespeare?"

\*At top:—

"O base and coward luck!  
To be here stuck.—Poins."

\*At bottom:—

"Nay! rather a glorious lot is to him assign'd,  
Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the wind.—Pistol."

This is all in old carved wooden letters. The countenance smiling, sweet and intellectual beyond measure, even as he was immeasurable. It may be a forgery. They laugh at me, and tell me Ireland is in Paris, and has been putting off a portrait of the Black Prince. How far old wood may be imitated, I cannot say. Ireland was not found out by his parchments, but by his poetry. I am confident no painter on either side the Channel could have painted anything near like the face I saw. Again, would such a painter and forger have taken 40/- for a thing, if authentic, worth 4,000/-? Talma is not in the secret, for he had not even found out the rhymes in the first inscription. He is coming over with it, and, my life to Southeys' "Thalaba," it will gain universal faith."

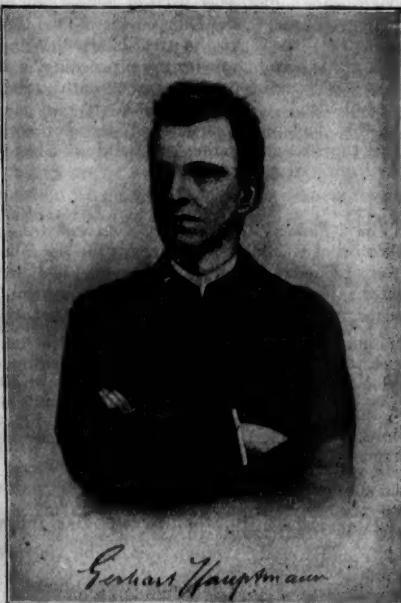
When I wrote the note to which Miss Winston refers, I looked hastily into Mr. J. Parker Norris's encyclopaedic work on "The Portraits of Shakespeare" (Phila. 1885), but somehow overlooked his account of this "counterfeit presentment"—counterfeit in a double sense—of the poet. As Mr. Norris states, it was the production of W. F. Zincke, who had already fabricated other spurious portraits of Shakespeare. Zincke said that it had been found by a friend of his in an old tavern. It was subsequently sold to W. H. Ireland for 80 guineas. He put it into the hands of a restorer and cleaner of pictures, a Mr. Ribet, who removed Zincke's paint and found "an old lady with cap and blue ribbons" beneath! He made it a Shakespeare again, and it was taken to France and sold to Talma for 1,000 francs. After his death it was sold for 3,100 francs. It is related that upon one occasion Charles Lamb, on seeing the picture, fell down on his knees and kissed it.

According to Mr. Norris, who is extremely accurate in these matters, the inscription on the bellows was as follows:—

"Whom have we here  
Stucke onne the bellowes?  
That prynes of goode fellowes,  
Willie Shakspere.  
Oh! Curste untowarde lucke,  
To be thus meanlie stucke.  
Poins.  
  
"Naye, rather glorious lotte  
To hymme assygn'd.  
Who, lyke th' almighty rydes  
The wynges o'th' wynde.  
Pystolle."

### The Lounger

GERHART HAUPTMANN is the subject of two articles in recent numbers of well-known English papers. One is a decided eulogy of the German poet and playwright, by E. B. Marshall, in *The Bookman*, whence this portrait; the other is a much more temperate article, by Marie von Bunsen, in *The Speaker*. Hauptmann's "Hannele," it will be remembered, was produced experimentally in New York during the past spring, and the experiment was not a success. Its failure was possibly due to the fact of its being a translation, and because the English language is not altogether suited to the "dream-drama," and the American actor equally unsuited to the interpretation of German sentimentality. Mr. William Archer published a translation of "Hannele" in *The New Review*, recently, where it is said not to have attracted the attention it deserved. Here, again, the difficulties of translation presented themselves.



Gerhart Hauptmann

HAUPTMANN's European reputation dates from "Die Weber" ("The Weavers"), a play built upon the story of misery and privation that he heard from the lips of his grandfather, who played an active part in the weavers' revolt, in 1844. The play was suppressed by the police, as being socialistic in its tendencies, but the Berlin authorities have now withdrawn their veto, and "Die Weber" will be played at the Deutsche Theater in that city during the present autumn. Frau von Bunsen thinks that Hauptmann is unjustly charged with "extreme radicalism" and believes that "his aims are purely artistic." With "Einsame Menschen" ("Lonely Souls") his artistic successes began, and he may yet hold a place in Germany only comparable with that held by Ibsen in—England.

Mr. T. B. ALDRICH is not the only author whose thoughts have turned towards Japan. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who has seen the West from a far window, Paris from the Champs-Élysées, and England from aristocratic places, to say nothing of a sidelong at Africa, decided upon a tour of the land of the Chrysanthemum. He got together a most elaborate outfit—I have heard it described—and can testify that nothing was wanting to make it complete. He even started in the direction taken by the Star of Empire and got well on his way. Then he suddenly decided that Japan was too far from Fifth Avenue, too far from Delmonico's and the Vaudeville Club, and he came back. Mr. Davis has the

precedent of the Emperor of Austria for his change of base. But the Emperor of Austria would have added nothing to the gaiety of nations with his pen, while Mr. Davis would have given us a description of the manners and customs of the Japanese, which, if not as artistic as that of Mr. La Farge, as poetic as that of Sir Edwin Arnold, or as realistic as that of Mr. Henry Norman, would have been quite as entertaining as either, for Mr. Davis sees old sights with new eyes.

THE SONG, "On the Road to Mandalay," which is introduced in Mr. Potter's play, "The Victoria Cross," with so much effect, has been announced in the papers as by "Jack" Prince, the words being by Rudyard Kipling. The "Jack" Prince referred to is John Dynely Prince, Ph.D., Professor of Semitic Languages and Comparative Philology at the University of the City of New York. Prof. Prince is a young man, I should think much under thirty, and a musician of extraordinary ability. It is said that there is no instrument upon which he cannot play with more or less success, and that he knows as much about the music of strange lands as he does about their languages. I remarked to a friend the other day that it seemed to me rather curious that a college professor, and especially one in the departments over which Prof. Prince presides, should be such a musical genius. But my friend replied that it was not at all uncommon, and called my attention to the fact that one of the best banjo players and comic song singers that I had ever heard is a Professor of Greek in one of our largest universities. Anyone who has an idea that professors are austere men, given over to the study of books, has only to know the two in question to have his belief uprooted.

I UNDERSTAND from reliable authority that Mr. Marion Crawford will return to America in January. He will bring his wife and children with him, and for the future will make this country his home. I should think it would be a little hard for Mr. Crawford to tell exactly what he is, or what place to call his home. Born in Italy of American parents, educated partly in New England, partly in Germany, and having lived in all quarters of the globe, he is, if anyone ever was, a citizen of the world. But I am assured that he regards America as his home, and, though he has spent the greater part of his life in Italy, his heart is true to the land of his ancestors, and here is where he is going to settle down, if not for the rest of his days, certainly for a large part of them.

AN AMERICAN VISITING on the east coast of England writes to a friend in this country:—"A drove me home past some old villages. One of them (Pokefield) is quite ancient. The cottages have tiny diamond-paned leaded glass windows; in fact, leaded glass seems to be a sign of poverty here. I saw in some miserable little cottages windows such as we want to have. We stopped at a 'public' where A. has a patient, and while waiting for him I heard singing in the bar, in quite a loud voice. The chorus was:—

"E was one of the Light Brigade,  
One of those 'eroes true,  
Wounded at Ballyc'ava,  
Fighting as Englishmen do.  
Aged and left to starve,  
Now that 'is eyes are dim,—  
That's what 'e did for England,  
And England did for 'im."

Immense applause and more songs. It was an old man of ninety who sang them, and I saw him afterwards, bent double over his stick and drunk as a lord. We passed Blunderstone, where David Copperfield walked out between the two elms, one morning. It is supposed to be the house from which Dickens took his tale."

A LITERARY FRIEND of mine, who has the happiness to live in the country the year around, writes thus despondently of the poetry of the day:—"I no longer open a new book of poetry with pleasurable anticipation. With rare exceptions, modern English poetry seems to me to have lost touch with life, to have drifted out of the current of thought. The poets make believe too much, and they do not perceive that their whole mythological and conventional mechanism has become antiquated, meaningless, tedious. Intelligent readers require intellectual nourishment, not mere cant and rant. Take out from these poems whatever is false, or trivial, or insincere, and how little remains! Living as I do in a region of great natural beauty, exposed to the starry influences, and close to the beating heart of the world, I find these little rhymes 'weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.' Looking out upon the glorious moun-

tains in the 'clear shining after rain,' listening to the river, the breeze, the birds, watching the great masses of primrose or peachy cloud as they float in the pure sky of evening—such studies of the great original do not enhance one's appreciation of the imperfect copy. With the poems of reflection it is much the same; one feels that

'gray are all theor'ees,

And Green alone Life's golden tree.'

But to-morrow I will set my teeth and go at my work like a man." The "work" is that of reviewing the books in question.

\* \* \*

MR. MANSFIELD has decided to give Wednesday as well as Saturday matinees during his season at the Herald Square Theatre. He will appear on these mid-week occasions in such favorite parts as



"Prince Karl," in which he is here portrayed, and "Beau Brummell"—possibly others. Mr. Daly is the only one of the New York managers who has always given Wednesday matinees. I suppose he must find that they pay, or he would not give them, but they have never tempted me. A Wednesday matinee has to me something uncanny about it. It seems as much out of place as a flash of sunlight in a gas-lighted theatre. One of the things in its favor, however, is that it gives "professionals" an opportunity to go to the theatre—an opportunity, it must be said, that they seldom enjoy, and it is just as well that such good acting as is to be found in Mr. Daly's and Mr. Mansfield's companies is offered to them occasionally.

\* \* \*

MR. FREDERICK MACMILLAN, who is not only a publisher, but a practical man of affairs, proposes, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, a means by which an author or his heirs may collect royalties on the sale of books, the copyright of which has expired. Mr. Macmillan's proposal is "that

at the completion of the statutory period of copyright the author or his representatives should have the power of claiming an extension of copyright for a stated time on payment of a fixed sum, and that this extension should be continually renewable at the expiration of each term on a similar payment." This seems fair enough, for if the copyright is worth anything, it is worth paying for, and *vice-versa*.

### London Letter

THE THING which we have expected most eagerly generally proves to be the disappointment of the year; and there is no denying that Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, "The New Woman," produced at the Comedy Theatre this week, is something of a disappointment. Perhaps we have expected too much. There have been many and lively rumors in the air; it has been reported that Madame Sarah Grand, Mrs. Mannington Caffyn and the other conspicuous ladies were to be wholesomely satirised; some of us have even believed that we were to see "The Heavenly Twins" in process of evolution, and to learn a few of the secrets of the Pioneer Club. No wonder the prospect tempted, no wonder things seem a little tame, now that we find ourselves no wiser than we were before. The briefest sketch of the plot will suffice. Mr. Gerald Cazenove, a young graduate of Oxford, has settled down in town as the centre of an admiring band of New Women. It seems that he wrote a successful poem for the Newdigate, which made so much stir that the world of womankind was immediately at his feet. This, by the bye, is pure burlesque; Mr. Grundy must know very well that Newdigates do not attract attention beyond the sound of Great Tom. But let that pass. Mr. Cazenove has apparently thought better of his first excursion into poetry, for he is now engaged, in collaboration with a Mrs. Sylvester, upon a great theoretical work on the ethics of marriage. The other ladies of his circle are interested in the same studies; and his uncle, Col. Cazenove, a hardy old bachelor of the familiar stage-military type, finds his nephew's table covered with volumes with alluring titles, such as "Man the

Betrayer" and "Naked and Unashamed." Such is the situation when the play opens, and it promises very well. On the evening when I myself was in the house, I found myself surrounded by ladies of various degrees of Newness, and as the possibilities of the plot suggested themselves to them, they grew fuller and fuller of expectation and delight. But the satire is soon lost in incident. Mrs. Sylvester is hopelessly in love with young Cazenove; but he, in turn, has fixed his affections upon Margery Armstrong, his aunt's maid. Lady Wargrave, the aunt in question, with a very close reminiscence of the Marquise in "Caste," repudiates the match, and in the second act we find Gerald and Margery married, but still under Lady Wargrave's ban of excommunication. The union, too, has not proved over-fortunate. Gerald has soon wearied of a wife whom he professes to find unintellectual, and is drifting more and more into the society of Mrs. Sylvester. Margery overhears a love-passage between them, faints, and in the next act, during a large reception at Lady Wargrave's, declares her intention of leaving her husband. She is meanwhile pursued by the attentions of Captain Sylvester, who is anxious to re-arrange the little party of four, but she will have none of it. She flees to her father's farm, and there, in the last act, we have the conventional reconciliation between husband and wife.

This is the plot; and the reader who has followed me so far ends—I know it—with the question, "But where is the New Woman?" Precisely; she is nowhere. The three women who are Mrs. Sylvester's companions make a brilliant entrance in the first act, overflowing with ecstatic arguments and babble about latch-keys; there is some business between them and a box of cigarettes in the second act, and here and there throughout the play there are clever catch-words, such as "Women have futures, Men have only pasts," "How could you marry a man with a revolting ante-nuptial career?" and the like; but these little things never touch the plot. Indeed, Mr. Grundy has let out the secret to an interviewer. He has never seen a New Woman, and he believes the movement is as old as the drama. Of course, he is right enough in a certain sense, but at the same time there has been lately a recrudescence of the old spirit under a changed form, and Mr. Grundy has certainly lost his opportunity of satirising it. It seems that the play was finished some while ago, and that the dramatist grasped the intensity of the new creed only when he opened a recent number of *The New Review*. The result is that Mrs. Sylvester, so far as the reflection of any current movement is concerned, is absolutely colorless; and the satire loses its sting. It is superfluous, of course, to say that the play is admirably written, and, with Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Rose Leclercq in the cast, excellently acted. It is drawing enormous houses, and will probably run through the winter. Nevertheless, it is a lost opportunity.

The stage-world, indeed, is waking up. Last night there was a new melodrama at the Adelphi, "The Fatal Card," which, to judge by the excitement of *The Daily Telegraph* this morning, was a genuine success in its own particular line. And on Saturday we are to have Miss Lillian Russell at the Lyceum, in "The Queen of Brilliants." A good deal of interest is being taken in this lady's appearance here: the weekly papers are publishing her portraits and interviews with her, and I am told that all good Americans, of whom there is a plentiful sprinkling in London just now, intend to be present at the Lyceum to-morrow, and to give her a sound and patriotic welcome.

It is not often nowadays that any discovery is made in the line of archaeology, and Canon Wilberforce is certainly to be congratulated on the result of the excavations which have just been completed at his house in Dean's Yard, Westminster. Some time ago he took a lease of No. 20 in that quiet close, and his attention was early attracted by a dark and dreary wine-cellars in the basement. It was used as a coal-house, and the Canon, on causing it to be cleaned, found traces of a groined crypt, which he believes to have been built by the Abbot Nicholas Littleton in 1362. For two months masons have been at work, removing party-walls and plaster, and the decorations are now revealed in their perfection. The groins spring from pillars which have no capitals, and the roses are almost unimpaired by time. A doorway of the period of Henry VII has also been discovered, leading into the entrance hall, and the Canon will now turn the chamber into a beautiful and practically unique dining-room. Nor have his discoveries ended here. Above-stairs he has found a frescoed room painted in a grotesque style, which appears to be an imitation of Holbein. The decorations consist chiefly of scrolls, and over the fireplace is a coat-of-arms. The north wall of the room is covered with oak paneling, not less than 500 years old. The whole forms a remarkable treasure-trove.

A rather unusually interesting exhibition of drawings in black-and-white, chiefly the work of the youngest English school, is to be opened at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors on the seventeenth of the present month. The exhibition is to consist, for the most part, of drawings made for J. M. Dent & Co., who are well-known on both sides of the Atlantic for their delightful editions of the "Morte d'Arthur" and of Jane Austen's novels. The Dents were the first publishers to appreciate the work of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and he will naturally be among the artists represented. Besides his contributions there will be sketches by Mr. R. Anning Bell, Mr. S. D. Batten, Mr. Cubitt Cooke, Mr. Walter Crane, Miss Erichsen, Mr. Granville Fell, Mr. William Hyde, Miss Bertha Newcombe, Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. F. C. Tilney, and others whose names are less familiar. The exhibition will be further augmented by a display of extra leather bindings, redesigned and executed by these publishers' own workmen. It should be an interesting collection altogether.

Some friends of mine have been spending a few days during the present week in the little village of Chalfont St. Giles, midway between Maidenhead and Slough, and they bring back thence a pretty little piece of folk-lore, which is, I believe, new to print. The village, which is as yet little travelled by excursionists, stood, when I was there twelve years ago, ten miles from a railway station, with its green, its pond and quaint old public-house, like a resurrection of Auburn. The churchyard is a veritable treasure-house of epitaphs, and in the heart of the village is shown the cottage where Milton stayed just after the conclusion of "Paradise Lost." An attempt has been made to keep it up as it was when he stayed there, and the advance of civilization is proved by the fact that the tourist is now charged a trifle to inspect it. Well, my friends had spent their trifle, feasted their eyes, and were walking down the lane on celestial visions intent, when they were met by a very old villager, bent above his walking-stick. They "passed the time of day," and the Ancient Villager held them with his eye. "Been up to the cottage yonder?" he asked; "my son do keep it tidy; he do live there. I wouldn't live there for summat." And he was for passing on. But curiosity stayed him, and he gave his reason. "Why, th'ould man do come back there," he said, "th'ould poet: you can see him o' nights walk from the Quaker graveyard to the cottage, and all down the lane, making up his songs as he goes along. No, I wouldn't live up there for summat." And he shuffled up the lane, one of the last prophets of some half-forgotten legend of the past. Who shall say that England is altogether barren of romance—even now?

LONDON, Sept. 7, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Boston Letter

THERE IS PROBABLY no one living who could edit better the letters of Henry D. Thoreau than his companion and friend, Frank B. Sanborn, and it was, therefore, with a great deal of interest that I seized the opportunity yesterday to look over the advance sheets of the new "Familiar Letters" which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to put forth to-day. It is curious that in the forty-five years of his lifetime Thoreau was able to have published only two volumes of his works, and yet, in the thirty-two years since his death, ten volumes have readily found publishers, to say nothing of the biographies. But the Letters which Emerson collected some thirty years ago showed, as one might expect and as Mr. Sanborn points out, only one side of the poet-philosopher's character. Mr. Sanborn has gone farther. He has given us an insight into the interesting, open-hearted home life of the man, has shown us the lighter side of his nature, when he could write in chatty mood of domestic trials and comforts, and when he did not hesitate, even, to joke and to make puns as the spirit moved him. "The librarian of the Society Library, who has lately been to Cambridge to learn liberality and has come back to let me take out some un-take-outable books," is only a little illustration of the light touch Thoreau could put into the letters to his mother in 1843. Even to Emerson he would write in a double mood. "I have stolen one of your old sheets to write you a letter upon, and I hope by the two layers of ink to turn it into a comforter" is the bright way in which he begins a letter from Concord to the sage, then in New York, and a couple of pages run on with vivacious gossip of the baby jabbering a language of her own and playing games on the carpet to the delight of grand-mamma and mamma. And yet, in the midst of this lively description, he inserts the "Query: What becomes of the answers Edith thinks and cannot express. She really gives you glances which are before this world was. You cannot feel any difference of age except that you have longer legs and arms." Hold-

ing this same letter for two days, he adds another section, of deep philosophical character, in remarkable contrast to what went before.

Here, too, is a letter written to his brother, in the same style as one Indian would write to another, barring the puns:—"Tahatawan, Sachimaussan, to his brother Sachem, Hopeful of Hope-well—hoping that he is well," and so on to the finale, "The Great Spirit confound the enemies of thy tribe," signed "Tahatawan, his mark" (a bow and arrow). It is said that Thoreau in his later years rubbed out the more humorous parts of his essays, but, most assuredly, Mr. Sanborn has done wise in retaining these quaint touches of character-writing that show us clearly the man beneath the sage. His strict adherence to the duties of courtesy could be made in no way more apparent than in the last letter this book contains, wherein Thoreau writes, through his sister's hand, a few weeks before his death, a pleasant answer to an unknown correspondent, Myron B. Benton of Leedsville, N. Y. "I have intended to answer before I died," Thoreau says, showing that he knew fully his condition; and yet, at the end he writes:—"I may add that I am enjoying existence as much as ever and regret nothing." This was his last communication on paper. The frontispiece of the book is peculiarly interesting from the fact that we have Mr. Sanborn's own word that it alone, of the four likenesses extant, shows the aquiline features as his comrades knew them. It was drawn by Walter Ricketson, an admirer of Thoreau, and is based in part on a photograph taken in 1862.

Alluding to the books of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., reminds me that one of their authors has cleverly taken advantage of the World's Fair to form a background for romance. Every one can well imagine the opportunity given in the White City for picturing romantic scenes, but Clara Louise Burnham in her "Sweet Clover" has utilised the Exposition in a somewhat different way. She places it behind the figure of a gentle, amiable girl-wife, whose trouble with a somewhat impulsive step-son older than herself is finally overcome by their meeting at the World's Fair and becoming acquainted with each other's character. I presume that the stern law of the land prevented the author from getting up a love-match between these two, so she dodges the legal difficulty by marrying him to her heroine's sister, making a pleasant tale for the passing hour. "Clover," I may add, is the heroine's Christian name, if one can call it Christian to burden a girl with such a name. "Sweet" applies to her disposition. Another writer, Mary Hallock Foot, has taken the mining troubles of 1892 as the realistic background of her new work, "Cœur D'Alene." There is, of course, a love episode as the centre of the work, but it is by far the most conventional and uninteresting part of the story. Its real strength lies in the vivid descriptions of the contest between the union and non-union men, where rifle balls settle the controversy quicker than arguments. A more convincing and eloquent condemnation of the unrighteousness of men ruling against the interests of their brethren could hardly be found in any kind of work, and its timeliness will make it doubly important. Still another work coming from the same firm is Maturin M. Ballou's "Pearl of India," one of those comprehensive pictures of travel which this veteran of land and sea so readily sets down with his practised eye and pen. The "Pearl" is Ceylon, which to Mr. Ballou's mind is the most attractive of all places he has visited, and if the work does not induce readers to go there, where living is so cheap and the climate, except for the heat, so good, then, at least, will it serve to tell them of everything that is there, from elephants to hump-backed cattle, from water-sprouts to antique monuments, from wild boars to jugglers.

The late Frank Boles's proposition to cut Harvard up into small colleges after the plan of the English universities, as broached in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, does not seem to meet with much favor. President Eliot says that it has no present basis of reality, and, although he regards it as not impossible, yet, as the College is now well established on certain lines, he thinks the new scheme a very remote contingency. — The Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D.D., author of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," celebrated with his wife on Sunday the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. Dr. Smith will be eighty-six years of age on Oct. 21, but his health is good and his pen still active. — The death of Horace L. Ingersoll in Salem, last week, is notable from the fact that he was a warm friend of Hawthorne's, and that it was the house in which he lived that formed the inspiration for "The House of the Seven Gables." The incidents in the poem of "Evangeline" were given by Ingersoll to Longfellow, after Hawthorne had neglected to utilize them, and formed the foundation of the famous poem. But of this interesting character I hope to write more in a later letter.

BOSTON, Sept. 18, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## Chicago Letter

THE OPENING of the Lunt Library, on Sept. 26, will be an important event to the Northwestern University, and to the village of Evanston, where it is situated. This, the largest of Chicago's suburbs, is built upon the margin of the Lake, some ten miles to the north. Its University was chartered in 1851, and opened to students four years later, so it seems here, in the young West, to have reached a great age. The making of the library began with the University itself, but its growth was far more gradual. It remained small and unimportant until 1869, when a collection of about 11,000 volumes and as many pamphlets, selected by Johann Schulze, Ph.D., was bought and presented to the University by Mr. Luther L. Greenleaf. The books it contains are about equally divided between the classics and the modern languages, and its many editions of Latin and Greek writers are valuable to students. Within the next decade two valuable collections were added to the library, one of them, presented by William Deering and Lyman J. Gage, being devoted to local and state histories and political science. But the most important gift was that of Mr. Orrington Lunt, whose name has now been given to the library. As long ago as 1865 he presented a tract of property to the University. Part of it was sold, but the land which remains is valued at more than \$100,000, and yields a good income for the purchase of books. In 1891 Mr. Lunt further increased the college's debt to him by presenting it with \$50,000, to be used for the erection of a library building to cost twice that amount. And the result of this gift is the structure which has just been finished. It will contain 28,905 books and about 19,000 pamphlets.

The design for the building itself was made by Mr. William A. Otis, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, adapted and simplified. It has very little ornamentation, but the effect of the massing is dignified and impressive. A large semi-circular porch surrounded by Ionic columns effectively emphasizes the entrance. The interior arrangement is simple, the low stairway in the entrance-hall leading directly to a large reading-room. The hall seems somewhat small for the size of the building, but its oak ceiling and paneling are well designed. It is decorated by Miss Ida J. Burgess, with four panels on a simple, brown background. This is surmounted by a frieze of the same delicate shade, with a conventionalized design of white lotus and acanthus in relief. The panels are intended to suggest four great sources of knowledge, Egyptian, Jewish, Greek and Roman, but their difference is merely superficial. They do not touch the essence of things. The best of them is the drawing of a graceful, dark-haired Jewish maiden, very lovely in aspect and decorative in feeling. That of a youth questioning the Sphinx is also effective in color and treatment. The decoration of other parts of the building was done by Miss Burgess, and in the reading-room and library it is especially good and simple. The walls are treated in light green above the wide oak wainscoting, and the frieze of a deeper shade is broken regularly with panels containing a conventionalized design in brownish reds and pale yellows. A series of printer's marks ornaments the centres of these panels, forming a singularly appropriate and effective feature. The marks are enlarged, and painted in colors, but they are correctly copied and one can easily recognize the more familiar ones, like the Elzevir and Caxton marks and the Aldine anchor. On the second floor is a large assembly hall, and beyond it is a room where the University Guild will exhibit the collection of pottery and porcelain which was purchased at the Fair. At the formal opening of the Lunt Library, next week, Mr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, will make the principal address.

Mr. Eugene Field is engaged in preparing for publication another volume of his poems for and about children, a kind of successor to "With Trumpet and Drum." It is to be published by the Scribners, and he contemplates issuing, in advance, a limited edition, printed with new type on hand-made paper, and carefully illustrated. The arrangements for this edition have not yet been perfected, however. In his column of "Sharps and Flats" in the *Record*, Mr. Field recently took occasion to reply to a correspondent from the wilds of Indiana, who was desirous of achieving culture. In the furtherance of this laudable ambition, he wrote to the editor, to ask if he would "name a few works which it might be best to obtain to form the nucleus of a library, costing from \$100 to \$200, and comprising history, biography, travel, fiction, poetry, the drama, literature, ancient and modern, and books of reference." Nothing daunted by this modest request, Mr. Field replies in a thoroughly original and characteristic fashion. He finds the task a hard one, because of the limited expenditure, saying that "good books cost much money; poor books are not

worth having." He then dismisses all history, biography and travel with the remark, "So-called universal histories can be bought very cheap, and so can dictionaries of biography; the only book of travel we would care to purchase is Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" The library as selected is as follows:—

"Fiction:—Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond,' Dickens's 'Pickwick,' 'David Copperfield' and 'Oliver Twist,' Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' Cervante's 'Don Quixote,' Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' Poe's complete works, Jane Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs,' Irving's 'Knickerbocker's New York,' Grimm's 'Household Stories,' Andersen's fairy tales, Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Cable's 'Old Creole Days.' Poetry:—Riley's 'Old-fashioned Roses,' Chambers's 'Encyclopedia of English Literature,' 'Household Book of Poetry.' Drama:—Shakespeare, in one volume and without notes. Reference:—'Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,' Webster's International Dictionary, Roget's 'Thesaurus.'"

This is evidently the library of an idealist, a lover of romance, for none of the modern realists would have omitted Jane Austen and her kind, to include the delightful fairy-lore that appeals to this weaver of tales. But one can understand his taste in fiction far more readily than in poetry. A bibliomaniac advising anyone, be he never so benighted, to read Shakespeare in one volume and the other poets bunched together in another, is certainly a sight for gods and men. Riley is apparently the only poet, except Shakespeare, worthy the distinction of isolation.

Mr. W. Irving Way, whose private library is one of the most interesting in town, is preparing to make a collection of fine bindings for display at the Art Institute in January. No one is more competent to arrange such an exhibition, and as the city's resources in that respect are large and Mr. Way purposes to tax them to the utmost, we can look forward to something rare.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 18, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

## "International Courtesy"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

[We omit two brief passages from Mr. Wyatt's letter—one in which he merely abuses our correspondent, and one in which he quotes the least complimentary reference of Prof. Wulker to Harrison and Sharp's book, and the most complimentary reference to his own. The question is not of the merits of these or any other books, but of courtesy amongst scholars. EDS. THE CRITIC.]

In your issue of July 14 you allowed an anonymous correspondent, according to whose refined phraseology "learned Germans still pelt each other with malodorous Billinggate," to pelt me with the same in the sacred name of "international courtesy." For the sake of the good opinion of the American reading public, which I value, I must ask you to allow me to break for once the sound rule of passing over anonymous attacks in silence.

Your correspondent "H" calls me an "unknown person" and an "angry Briton." That I was angry is simply untrue; that I am unknown is a stigma which I am endeavouring to remove in a more effectual way than by writing anonymous letters, by means of the modern poetical version of the "Beowulf" in which I am collaborating with our poet William Morris. This and similar language is used of me because of the following foot-note in my recent edition of "Beowulf":—"There is a translation of Heyne's edition by two American professors; but they have taken the trouble to render their text perfectly worthless by appropriating all Heyne's emendations, and omitting his notes which gave the readings of the MS." \* \* \*

1. He cavils with the use of the word "appropriating" in speaking of a "translation"—"an acknowledged translation." I would yield this point to a generous opponent or a fair critic. But in the first place, the foot-note is not my own. In order that I might not pass a harsh judgment on a possibly rival edition, I quoted the sentence italicised above from a letter of one of our first Old English scholars, and I am therefore bound to defend and prove it up to the hilt. Harrison and Sharp's "Beowulf" is, and is not, a translation. Up to the present year, that is for twelve years of its existence, the editors have taken Heyne's text almost without change, that is, they have "appropriated" it, and they have omitted Heyne's notes. That is the simple fact, as even "H" seems to be aware. "H's" claim on their behalf is even opposed by the editors themselves in their "Note II.," where they say:—"The editors think that they may without immodesty put forth for themselves something more than the claim of being re-translators of a translation." Moreover, if Harrison and Sharp's edition is a mere

translation of Heyne's, how on the one hand can what might easily be done by a Grub Street hack at sixpence an hour be deemed worthy of "the work of two reputable American scholars"? and on the other hand, how could such a mere translation "anticipate by twelve years the work of an angry Briton," which does *not* aspire to the honor of being a mere translation?

2. "H." says that my statement, that the American edition omits Heyne's notes, "is absolutely without truth," because, forsooth, a fourth edition of Harrison and Sharp, with notes, has "now been before the public for *some months*!" Such a disingenuous, misleading speech as this was hardly to be expected even from anonymity masquerading in the garb of "international courtesy." My edition was apparently published synchronously (Wilk, in reviewing both editions in *Anglia* for July, says "ziemlich zu gleicher Zeit") with the fourth edition, *with notes*, of Harrison and Sharp. How then was it possible for me to have seen the latter when writing the foot-notes to which "H" takes exception? To say that a statement "is absolutely without truth," which has been absolutely true for any time in the last twelve years and has been partially falsified only since the statement was made, is a method of controversy of which one need not be proud.

3. There remains the simple issue of fact:—did Harrison and Sharp render the text of their first three editions of "Beowulf" "perfectly worthless"? A text is perfectly worthless if it *silently departs from the readings of the MS.*—in this instance the unique MS. This is the very thing that Harrison and Sharp constantly do. The fact is notorious and needs no proof. But I will give a few instances. In l. 2394 of "Beowulf," the MS. has *freond*—"friend," Harrison and Sharp *silently print feond*—"enemy"! Harrison and Sharp *silently insert the word for* at the beginning of l. 1735; it is not in the MS. They *silently omit ic*—"I" in l. 602, although it is in the MS. And so on. In these and other instances the changes are not even denoted by the use of italics. Against "shameless silent alterations of MS. readings" I have declared war in the Preface to my "Beowulf." We are banishing them from editions of the Greek and Latin classics, and we will banish them from our Old English classics too. "H" could not have attacked me at a point where I have been more moderate or where my position is so absolutely unassailable. I did not wish to criticise Harrison and Sharp, or I should have begun with their remark that a few of Heyne's references, "which resisted all efforts at verification," had "to be indicated by an interrogation point (?)." I corrected each of these references without the slightest difficulty:—*wundor*, 3083, for 3033; *hring-mal*, 1562, for 1565, and so on. The notion of *hring-mal* with the reference line 1562 for line 1565 resisting "all efforts at verification" is really quite droll, especially when Grein's "Sprachschatz" would have rectified the whole batch of wrong references in less than a quarter of an hour. And then for the "two reputable American scholars" to call attention to their own remissness in their own Preface! \* \* \*

ALFRED J. WYATT.

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, Aug. 1894.

[The above is a delightful specimen of the kind of temper to which attention was called in the communication on the need of "International Courtesy" among authors, lately printed in this journal. A better illustration of the absolute and naïve absence of literary good manners could not be selected, and the entire unconsciousness of its author renders it doubly amusing. The only point of the communication, however, which calls for reply is a part of paragraphs 2 and 3.

1. The author in the very act of excoriating anonymity on the part of others prints an anonymous footnote which in one place he says is "by one of our first Old English scholars" (no name given), the design of which is malicious injury of a rival edition, and which in another place (paragraph 2) he acknowledges having written himself!

2. In paragraph 3 the American editors are accused of "silently departing from the readings of the MS." and three cases are cited of intentional insertion or omission of words in the text, with the added statement that this is their "constant and notorious practice." All the readings given are Heyne's, not the American editors', who explicitly state that the text is Heyne's, not theirs. One of the cases cited (l. 2394) has a long note explaining it, of which the new editor of the new (?) "Beowulf" is as yet—months after its publication—unaware. The wrong references which afford the author what the French critics call such *gros rire*, have in nearly every instance long since been corrected, but it is useless, we suppose, to expect the newest editor of "Beowulf" to have a knowl-

edge of this. His work is "original" from the foundations, quotha!

3. In paragraph 3 we read:—"H." could not have attacked me at a point where I have been more moderate or where my position is so absolutely unassailable." This has reference to an imaginary "attack" to which "H."s" letter gives not the slightest clue, and he has cudgelled his brains in vain to find what it means.

H.]

## A Reminiscence of F. H. Underwood

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Your Boston correspondent's statement, that the last years of Francis H. Underwood's life were tinged with bitterness of feeling for lack of literary appreciation, recalled, by sad contrast, the urbanity and gentleness, and the aspect of hopefulness, which he wore so well five years ago when I crossed with him on the S.S. "Nebraska" from Glasgow. I had come in contact with him at various times during his consulate there, and was a witness of the warmth of feeling and enthusiasm which he stirred in the hearts of young men, of whose society he was especially fond. He was ever ready to be of service to them, in their literary clubs, at their sociables, and he was always received with hearty applause. I remember listening with bated breath to a lecture on the American poets, which marked an epoch for me in the study of literature. I recollect his warm eulogy of Emerson, whom he always rated as America's best poet, and whose "Problem" he considered to have reached the "high-water mark" of poetry in this century. I followed his monographs on Holmes, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow and others, which appeared during those years in *Good Words*, and as I was a novice in letters, his utterances had the effect of initiating me in the love of literature, especially on its American side. Not only his literary charm as a lecturer and conversationalist impressed me; he had that gentle bearing and winning manner which opened the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men to him, in whose society he was by his consulship compelled to mingle, and which made him a sort of hero to a large number of young men in Glasgow. One of his printed addresses, delivered under the auspices of the "Scottish Clerks Association," on Jan. 18, 1889, I prize among my trophies of those days.

Crossing the ocean with him, I had opportunities of closely studying the man under social conditions which made him dearer still to my youthful admiration. He was returning to his native land after a long absence, full of hope and buoyancy. Someone has said that geniality is a casting-up of accounts and does not enter wholly into a man's disposition until he is past forty. Mr. Underwood was certainly beyond the two-score years, if geniality be the test. There was a whole-souled generosity about him, as he discoursed, over endless pipes, of men and books, of his literary fraternity in both countries, of the friendships made in past years which knit his sympathies with the land he was leaving behind, of the intimate fellowship of those he anticipated renewing and enjoying to the full again so soon, in his own native State. Alas! the sad truth of George Meredith's observation, that our brave world cannot pardon a breach of continuity for any petty bribe, was to be proved afresh in the experience which inevitably followed, and which his sensitive temperament and sanguine nature could ill brook. Very shortly after a man's disappearance from society, he is shuffled off its contemplative brain, even as the great ocean smoothes away the dear vanished man's immediate circle of foam and effaces its rippling memory of him. Time, it would seem, had played the veteran of early *Atlantic Monthly* days a sorry trick, which baffled and bewildered him; nevertheless, I shall always remember him, the kindly, gracious, dignified gentleman, who taught me my first lesson in American letters and gave me my first impressions of an American citizen.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6, 1894.

JAMES MACARTHUR.

[Mr. MacArthur's communication affords us an opportunity of saying that Mr. Underwood, though very helpful to Mr. Lowell in the early days of *The Atlantic*, was never the magazine's editor. EDS. CRITIC.]

## The Lenox Library

THE TWENTY-FOURTH annual report of the Lenox Library contains some interesting facts. During the period Feb. 22-Dec. 31, 1893, 2905 visitors consulted 9252 volumes, of which 1243 were on American history, geography, etc., and 875 on English and American belles-lettres. The book accessions during the year numbered 22,527 volumes and pamphlets, including the library of the late George Bancroft—14,606 volumes of printed books, 486

of manuscripts and 4648 pamphlets. The Bancroft Library is a treasure-house of information for the student of American history, containing, as it does, Mr. Bancroft's transcripts from the public and private archives of England, France and Germany, these being next in importance only to the original manuscripts, notably the papers of Samuel Adams, which, according to Mr. Bancroft's own words, "unfold the manner in which resistance to Great Britain grew into a system \* \* \*." They are the more to be prized, as much of the correspondence was secret, and has remained so to this day." Mr. Bancroft's own "History of the United States," in its various printed editions, numbers nearly 150 volumes, many of them filled with MS. corrections and alterations, cuttings and letters. The large additions to the collections of old Colonial Laws, Province Laws, State Laws and Legislative Journals, printed before 1800, including Mr. Alexander Maitland's donations, amount to over 600 pieces. The library of the late George H. Moore, purchased at auction, comprises nearly 40 publications, printed between 1640 and 1693, relating to New England, and especially to Church Government there. The set of original editions of the Jesuit "Relations" of New France was completed by the Bancroft and Moore purchases. Notable among the further additions are a fifteenth-century illuminated MS. on vellum of Ptolemy's "Geographia"; a perfect copy (one of the six known to bibliographers) of Caxton's "Polychronicon" (1482); and the Rev. Dr. Wendell Prime's collection of editions of the works of Cervantes. Of great interest to artists will be the announcement that the Library has just acquired a complete set of Eadweard Muybridge's phototype illustrations of animal locomotion in all its stages—781 sheets of illustrations, in 11 folio volumes, representing more than 20,000 figures of men, women and children, animals and birds, in the acts of walking, running, jumping, dancing, playing, fighting, galloping, flying, etc. Only 36 sets of the work were published, and this is the only one accessible to New Yorkers. Of the 14 remaining sets owned in this country, Philadelphia and Washington hold 3 each; and Baltimore, South Bethlehem, San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston and Albany, 1 each. The fifteenth set is in Mr. Vanderbilt's collection. The total number of volumes and pamphlets on the shelves at the end of December, 1893, was 113,739. From the Treasurer's statement we learn that the sale of Columbus Letters added \$229.34, and the Stuart legacy \$135,000 to the Permanent Fund. The price paid for the Bancroft Library, as officially stated, was \$84,492.15.

### Mr. Howells's "Americanisms"

[The Springfield Republican]

NOT ONLY has the Old World an unpleasant habit of shipping its offscourings of humanity to our shores and then jeering at them as "Americans," but that part of the Old World from which we get our language is altogether too prone to lay all disagreeable forms of speech to our charge under the name of "Americanisms," quite regardless of their origin. That acute and racy critic, Richard Grant White, spent a good share of his lifetime in hunting down such alleged Americanisms, but it would seem that he left plenty of work for his successors, if one may judge by the supercilious criticism of the London *Athenaeum* on Mr. Howells's "Traveler from Altruria":—"The style is fairly pure as a whole, but there are too many Americanisms of the kind which, while common enough in the average American novel, must be protested against in a novelist so popular in England."

There is nothing very terrible to the ordinary perception in the idea of using Americanisms in a novel of American life. Even if a writer calls a gaol a jail, and a biscuit a cracker, and a cream jug a pitcher, there is nothing in this which should make it necessary to shut the English custom-houses to his books. If one is to write for Americans, the natural thing is to use the same sort of language that Americans use, and if the English think such language beastly or bloomin', it is their privilege not to read it, but it is rather un-called-for impertinence for them to "protest against it."

But what are these shocking "Americanisms" which so offend the fastidious ear of *The Athenaeum* in Mr. Howells, who has been said by an eminent critic to write the purest English of all writers since Hawthorne? One phrase objected to is "eyes expressing a vast contemporaneity, with bounds of leisure removed to the end of time." It is to be presumed, in absence of evidence to the contrary, that "contemporaneity" is the word here branded as an Americanism, but Mr. Howells at least sins in such good company as the historian Rawlinson, who doubtless picked up his American slang at Oxford. There is also alleged to be some American taint lurking in the phrase "the drip of fountains like

the choiring of still-eyed cherubim." It is hard to tell whether reference is to "choiring," which is used, we are pained to say, by many less fastidious Englishmen, among them Canon Farrar, or to "cherubim." In the latter case the old English psalter is guilty of shocking Americanism when it says:—"And he stegh (ascended) over cherubim." Perhaps, who can tell, the old English psalter was the inventor of Americanisms. Or, if not, Shakespeare may have been a guilty party in this case, with his line "Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins"—where, to be sure, he spelled both words differently, and gave another sort of eye to his "cherubins." Shakespeare is undoubtedly caught in the Americanism "to glass itself," which also troubles this stern champion of English undefiled. The poet may have learned it from his friend, Walter Raleigh, who may have picked it up in Virginia with his other nasty American habit. Then that other American poet, Lord Byron, makes use of the phrase in the noble passage,

"Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempest."

"Minify," which *The Athenaeum* takes to be an Americanism, was used by Southey, who, to be sure, had sad democratic leanings, and came near founding a colony with Coleridge in the wilds of America, on a Utopian plan worthy of "A Traveler from Altruria." As for "gracile ease," do we not have Rossetti's

"Where in groves the gracile spring  
Trembles with mute orison,  
Confidently strengthening."

On the whole, this is a pretty bad outlook for the purity of English speech. Not only do the most eminent Englishmen use Americanisms at every other breath, but apparently they had been using them for some hundreds of years when America was discovered. But when the wolf wanted the lamb it availed naught for the latter to plead that it was below and so could not defile the stream, and any other phrase that an Englishman does not like will continue to be an Americanism, even though it be found among the Runic symbols of the Ruthwell cross.

### The Fine Arts

#### Mr. Robert Reid's Painted Ceiling

THE PAINTED CEILING just finished by Mr. Robert Reid for the Fifth Avenue Hotel is probably the largest in the United States, being eighty-three feet long by twenty-one wide. It is intended for the large reception salon on the second floor, which is being remodelled by the architects, McKim, Mead & White. The ceiling is to be the feature of the room, which is to be decorated in white and gold. The high key of color thus imposed, the disproportionate length of the ceiling, and its lack of elevation above the floor (the room being only fifteen feet high), have made Mr. Reid's task an uncommonly difficult one, and the difficulty has been much increased by his being obliged to finish his work within a few weeks. The painting represents a large hypæthral opening rounded at the ends, where are grouped figures symbolizing New York City, the Arts and Commerce, and Foreign Nations. The mingling of classic semi-nudities with figures in modern female costume is managed with so much taste and discretion, that the actual incongruity is hardly apparent. Above the brightly colored group at one end rises the tower of the Madison Square Garden. Beneath flag-poles with waving banners, in a sort of shrine, is a young woman with extended arms personifying the City. She is a typical New York beauty. At either side of the red carpeted steps leading to her throne is a youthful genius bearing a shield with the City's arms, and a well-grown damsel with a palm branch. Other figures in brilliantly colored dresses are cleverly grouped on both hands. At the other end the two marble spires of the Cathedral soar into the air, beneath which the artist has installed a copy of the Victory of Samothrace; and, in allusion, possibly, to the nature of the contests in which New York has won first place among American cities, he has represented the statue as one of gold, not of marble. Near this golden Victory are other pretty women, beautifully dressed. The long extent of blue sky between the two groups of figures is varied by light clouds and by flights of pigeons, the want of height and the great length of the composition having made it impossible to introduce to any purpose a central group of flying figures, as is more usual. To be seen perfectly, each of the two groups just described should be looked at from a point near the middle of the room. The perspective of the architectural part of the composition and the foreshortening of the figures will then appear correct, and the effect will be as though the spectator were looking at a bevy of beautiful women on a terrace at the height of the ceiling.

The color effect is very light, bright and gay, in keeping with the white and gold of the walls. The pale blue and white of the sky are varied by the red streamers floating from the flag-staffs; and the white marble of the balustrade and mouldings that run around the opening is relieved by the pink, lilac, purple and pale yellow of the ladies' dresses. But, though kept to a very high key, all these colors are soft and harmonious. The ceiling will be best seen at night, when it will be brilliantly lighted by a row of electric lights placed in the cornice. It will probably be in place in about a week. The work is notable not only for its size, but also for the boldness and skill with which the very unusual conditions have been met. It affords a new proof that we have among us men capable of inventing and carrying out large decorative works. It is no longer necessary to commission foreign artists, or foreign business houses. Indeed, the experience of the last few years has shown that much better work of the sort is produced in New York than anything that foreign artists can be induced to do for us, at no matter what price.

#### Art Notes

THE FRONTISPICE of the October *Magazine of Art* is "The Lovers," by Albert Moore, to whose works is devoted the second article in Mr. Robert Walker's series on "Private Picture Collections in Glasgow and West of Scotland." The pavement of the cathedral of Siena is the subject of an article by Mr. Lewis F. Day, to be concluded next month; Mr. J. E. Hodgson continues his paper, "How and What to Read," addressed to art students; the "International Exhibition of Bookbindings," held recently in London by Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, is discussed by Mr. Will H. Edmunds; the Salon of the Champ de Mars is the subject of a study by Mr. Claude Phillips; Mr. R. Jope-Slade writes of "A Gallery of Statuettes"; and Mr. Aaron Watson describes "Bolton Abbey," his article being illustrated by Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A. "The Shrine of St. Simeon," at Zara, Dalmatia, is described by Mr. H. M. Cundall, F.S.A., and there is an engraving of Marcel Rieder's "Dante Mourning for Beatrice," by Mme. Jacob-Bazin, who has also engraved one of the pictures in the article on Albert Moore. The editor announces, further, that Tissot's wonderful series of water-colors illustrating the life of Christ will form the subject of a special article in an early number of the magazine.

—M. Félix de Vuillefroy, the well-known animal painter and Secretary of the Champs-Élysées Salon, offers a rather remarkable example of artistic energy. Though so ill during the past year that he could scarcely walk, and without the use of his left arm, he worked every day at his easel, and not only exhibited two canvases at the recent Salon, but also sent pictures to the special galleries attached this year to the Horse Show and the Dog Show; nor was he unrepresented at the Petits Salons of last winter.

—According to the London *Star*, Sir Edward Burne-Jones lives in a small house known as "The Grange," in West Kensington. Sir Edward, whose appearance is familiar to many, owing to the portrait that Watts has painted of him, is at present engaged on a picture to be entitled the "Morte d'Arthur," which his friends declare will take a high place among his paintings. The house is simply but comfortably furnished, and on the other side of a pleasant garden is the studio of the artist, who has collected there some two hundred drawings of heads of men and women, as well as of the draperies which he paints so skilfully. Sir Edward keeps a notebook in which he jots down from time to time his inspirations.

#### The Drama

##### "Arms and the Man"

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S three-act comedy, which was such an enigma to some of the critics in London, was produced in the Herald Square Theatre, as it is now called, on Monday evening, by Mr. Richard Mansfield, and proved to be one of the keenest, brightest and most entertaining bits of satire that have been seen in this neighborhood for a long time. The scene is laid in Bulgaria, and, superficially, the piece purports to be a satire upon the Bulgars, military and civil, but in reality the application of it is general, and all kinds of humbug, sentimental and other, are held up to ridicule and scorn. There are only seven characters in the cast, and nearly all of them are impostors in a greater or less degree, doing their best to deceive themselves as well as their neighbors. The hero has earned a tremendous reputation for courage by the brilliancy with which he led a cavalry charge upon the machine-guns of the enemy at the battle of Slivnitz, the truth being that his horse ran away with him, and that the foe had no

ammunition. The gushing and emotional heroine is a constitutional liar, and her mother is very little better. Both conspire to hoodwink and bully the barbaric Major, who thinks that he is the head of the house. As for the old family servant, Nicola, the very personification of the spirit of servility, he professes openly the policy of agreeing with everybody, with the view of levying contributions upon as many victims as possible. He commends this rule of life to his affianced bride, a waiting-maid of ambitious, vindictive and romantic temper, who sets her cap at the heroic cavalryman and succeeds finally in entrapping him into matrimony. The whole crew remind the spectator of W. S. Gilbert, and the comparison is by no means to the disadvantage of Mr. Shaw.

Among these barbarians with the thin veneer of civilization moves a cynical Swiss mercenary officer, a finished military machine, but without vestige of enthusiasm, patriotism, or heroism. His distinguishing peculiarity is an inveterate habit of blurt out the exact truth, heedless of its effect upon himself or his companions. His revelations of his own sentiments upon military and other matters, and his comments upon the incidents in which he is compelled unexpectedly to play a prominent part, furnish a large share of the entertainment. In conception, the character is quite original, and Mr. Mansfield plays it with admirable skill and humor, the languid indifference of his manner and his neat and dry delivery of the text being in most effective contrast to the noisy and restless energy of his Bulgarian associates. It is a pity that he does not confine himself more closely to the line of eccentric comedy. He easily carries off the acting honors, but is capitally supported by Beatrice Cameron, H. M. Pitt, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Amy Busby—who gives a clever sketch of the fiery servant,—Mr. Henry Jewett and Mr. Walden Ramsay, who is excellent as Nicola. The performance deserves to succeed on account of its witty dialogue and really comic situations, but there is danger that it may not be appreciated by the audiences which frequent the theatres at this season of the year.

##### Mr. Thomas's "New Blood"

IN THE PLAY of "New Blood," which was produced in Palmer's Theatre, last Saturday evening, before a representative first-night audience, Mr. Augustus Thomas has made a bold but not very successful effort to uphold the rights of organized labor as against the rights of organized capital. He would have done better, in all probability, if he had attempted less. Particular incidents in a strike or lock-out lend themselves readily enough to dramatic treatment, but the general question is so involved, and is affected by so great a multitude of varying conditions, that it is impossible to discuss it fairly or intelligently in a drama of ordinary proportions. More especially is this the case when love-affairs and other conflicting interests have to be considered. Mr. Thomas is entitled to credit for selecting a topic of genuine and contemporaneous interest for the foundation of his play, and it is probable that he did his best to hold the scales evenly in weighing the cause of one side against the other. But the dramatist, obviously, is beset by all sorts of temptations to incline toward the popular side, which offers all the best theatrical opportunities, and it is certain that in "New Blood" the organization of capital is represented as something not far removed from a social crime, whereas the organization of labor is described as an inalienable right, as it doubtless is. No such proposition is made in so many words, but that is the impression of the meaning of the piece left upon the ordinary spectator. As a matter of fact, of course, organization is a right common to both rich and poor, and it is only when it is applied to illegal ends that it becomes conspiracy. Mr. Thomas's hero is a young capitalist of socialistic ideas, who, having been called to the head of the firm by his father's illness, refuses to join in the organization of a trust, which has been devised with the view of checking over-production and raising prices. This would result, he says, in the dismissal of innocent men, and he declines to abet the proceeding. He carries his point in spite of his father's opposition, and resolves to maintain the fight alone against all the other manufacturers, who thereupon combine to crush him. The natural outcome of such a policy, it need scarcely be said, would be utter ruin for him and loss of employment for his men, a catastrophe altogether subversive of the theory of the play. Therefore the author introduces a "deus ex machina," in the shape of a benevolent Chicagoan, who lends the young philanthropist five millions and thus ensures his temporary triumph.

All this is not very convincing, and the economic maxims propounded evidently made no very deep impression upon the audience, except that part of it in the higher regions. But aside from its didactic fallacies, the play is interesting enough, and in general

literary and dramatic quality high rank must be accorded to it among modern theatrical works. The division of interest between the romantic and the economic scenes is unfortunate, but the compact, witty and satiric dialogue, the clever delineation of character and a number of bright individual episodes, compensate for many shortcomings. The ablest sketch, perhaps, is that of the old capitalist dying by inches under the strain of financial speculation and domestic trouble, which was played with striking force, and much artistic elaboration, by E. M. Holland. A beautiful little study of an old country parson was contributed by the veteran C. W. Colcord, and good work was done by Wilton Lackaye, Maurice Barrymore, C. J. Richman and others. The whole cast was efficient, with the exception of Eliza Proctor Otis, who was quite unable to support the burden imposed upon her. The piece was well received and is likely to be fairly successful.

"A GAIETY GIRL," which was presented in Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening, is a cross between the old-fashioned burlesque and the modern farce-comedy. It has the advantage of possessing a shadowy but intelligible plot, and of being free alike from stupidity and vulgarity. The music is lively and pretty, and the performers are all capable. The women not only have good looks, but can sing and dance. Altogether, the entertainment is an exceedingly good specimen of its class, and its success is assured.

### Notes

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce that they have completed arrangements with Mr. J. J. Jusserand for the publication of the American edition of his "Literary History of the English People." The work, it is expected, will be completed in three octavo volumes, of which the first, devoted to the origin of English literature, and bringing the study down to the period of the Renaissance, will probably be published in November. Mr. Jusserand has been for a number of years in the diplomatic service of the French Republic, mostly in London, being as well known in the manuscript rooms of the British Museum as in the Bibliothèque Nationale. His previous volumes, "The Romance in the Time of Shakespeare," "Wayfaring Life in England in the Fourteenth Century," "A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II" and "A Study of 'Piers Plowman' and English Mysticism," have given evidence of Mr. Jusserand's scholarly interest in English letters and of the thoroughness of his preparation for the present work, which is the result of many years of labor.

Coulson Kernahan's new book, "Sorrow and Song," will be published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., simultaneously with its publication in England. Ward, Lock & Co. announce a new illustrated edition (the fourth) of the same author's "Book of Strange Sins," and a fifth edition of his "Dead Man's Diary."

Lovers of nature will be glad to know that Dr. Charles C. Abbott has in the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co. a book on "The Birds About Us." Dr. Abbott knows as much about birds as he does about trees and plants, and can imitate their calls as cleverly as he can write about them. The same firm will also publish Frederic Masson's "Napoleon and the Women of His Court," and "Napoleon at Home."

Prof. W. M. Ramsay of Aberdeen, the author of "The Church in the Roman Empire, A.D. 64-170, with Chapters of Later Christian History in Asia Minor" (Putnam), has just reached New York from Glasgow. He will remain in this country for six or eight weeks, to deliver a series of lectures on "The Life and Work of St. Paul" and on "St. Paul as a Traveler," before the Union Theological Seminary, The Theological School of Auburn, N. Y., The Theological School of Harvard University and other institutions. Prof. Ramsay has just completed a "History of Asia Minor from the Earliest Times to the Mohammedan Conquest," which will be published in the course of 1895 by the Clarendon Press.

"Love in Idleness," Mr. Crawford's idyll of Bar Harbor, will be published by Macmillan & Co. on Oct. 2.

With "Asolando: Fancies and Facts," Macmillan & Co. will complete their standard Library Edition of Browning in seventeen uniform volumes. New matter has been added in the shape of historical and biographical notes, making for the first time a complete definitive edition of the poet's works. The same publishers announce, also, a new and complete edition of Browning in nine volumes.

"Somerset Idylls" is the sub-title of "Love and Quiet Life," a new study of English village life, by the author of "Gentleman Upton's Daughter" and "Young Sam and Sabina," to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The same publishers announce, also, a new book by Miss Hesba Stretton called "The Highway of Sorrow." It is a novel dealing with the persecutions of the Stundists, and has been written in collaboration with a well-known Russian writer. This writer's name has been suppressed by Miss Stretton for obvious reasons, but it is an open secret that he is Stepiak. It need scarcely be added that the title is suggestive of the Russian *via dolorosa* across Siberia.

Mr. John Fiske gives in the Appendix to his "History of the United States for Schools" a list of novels, poems, songs, etc., relating to United States history. It is interesting to learn from this list what literary masterpieces relating to history are most appreciated by a writer of history.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are bringing out a school edition of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," with a fresh introductory sketch and brief notes.

The Green Tree Library is the name of a new series announced by Stone & Kimball. It will be inaugurated by William Sharp, an English poet and prose writer, whose portrait accompanies the current issue of *The Chap Book*. The second volume of the series will be a translation of four of the plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, by Richard Hovey, himself a poet of no mean performance. The publishers announce their intention of printing in this series "the best of the so-called *décadent* writings of various countries." That Mr. Sharp heads the list is the first intimation we have ever had that he belongs to the *décadent* movement.

Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay's "History of the United States Navy" will be completed with the publication of the second volume, which the Appletons announce. This volume deals with events from the close of the War of 1812 to the launching of the U. S. S. "Columbia."

"City Government in the United States," by Alfred R. Conkling, which D. Appleton & Co. announce, will be a timely book. The author has learned his subject by actual experience as an alderman of New York, a member of the Assembly, and a leader in municipal reform movements.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore's new story, "Mount Arafah," will first be published serially.

Julius Stinde, the author of "Die Familie Buchholz," has written to a Chicago paper that it is better to be an American chicken farmer than a German author, and proves his startling theory by pointing out that, while in Ohio a chicken thief has recently been condemned to prison for life, there is no law which prevents a firm of pirate-publishers in Chicago from stealing the product of his brains and selling it in the market-place.

Hunt & Eaton have in preparation for the Holidays a volume of travels, by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, entitled "Travels in Three Continents"—Europe, Asia, and Africa. The book will be illustrated.

The Baker & Taylor Co. announce "The College Woman," by Charles Franklin Thwing, LL.D., President of the College for Women of Western Reserve University, and "The New Acts of the Apostles; or, The Marvels of Modern Missions," the Duff Missionary Lectureship lectures for 1893, by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., with an introduction by the Rev. Andrew Thompson, D.D.

Mrs. Burton Harrison will succeed herself in the columns of the *Century*—that is, her international romance, "An Errant Wooing," will follow "A Bachelor Maid."

*McClure's Magazine* is to have a Life of Napoleon, told in pictures as well as by the pen. 150 pictures, portraits, &c., have been selected from the Gardiner G. Hubbard collection and will run through six numbers of the magazine, beginning in November.

We regret to learn on what seems to be good authority that Paderewski will not visit the United States during the coming season, owing to ill health.

The Bulletin of the Bureau of Rolls and Library of the Department of State, No. 4, contains a calendar of the manuscripts of Madison, for whose purchase from Mrs. Madison Congress appropriated \$30,000 in 1837. The collection seems to contain but few papers of interest (a series of letters from Jefferson), and certainly is not worth the amount paid for it by the nation.

—The publication of this year's "Elsie book," "Elsie at the World's Fair," has been postponed on account of the author's indisposition.

—Ex-President Julius H. Seely of Amherst has just added to his little book on "Duty" another of the same class and merit, on "Citizenship," "for classes in government and law," to be published by Ginn & Co., who also announce for publication, in October, "The Colloquies of Erasmus," edited, with notes and vocabulary, by Victor S. Clark.

—Dr. Conan Doyle will sail from England on the "Elbe," and will arrive in New York on or about the 30th of this month. Dean Hole, another of Major Pond's "attractions," sails for the United States by the "Majestic" on Oct. 17.

—Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," together with other stories not heretofore published, will be issued in one volume and sold by subscription only by the American Pub. Co. of Hartford, Conn. So Mark Twain is no longer his own publisher.

—There is a poet in the South who is not only well known in that "section," but has a great many admirers on the press in all parts of the country, as evidenced by the constant copying of his verses whenever they appear in the columns of the Atlanta *Constitution*. This poet's name is Frank L. Stanton, a volume of whose verses, which are somewhat in the James Whitcomb Riley style, will soon be published by D. Appleton & Co., with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris.

—The opening article in the October *Harper's* will be "The Streets of Paris," by Richard Harding Davis, with eight illustrations by C. Dana Gibson.

—Hall Caine's "Manxman" has gone into a second edition, and is said to be only second to "Trilby" in popular favor. Mr. Caine, it is said, is thinking of writing a story with a hero modelled on the character of Gen. Gordon.

—George W. Pearce, manager and publisher of *The Law Journal*, died in this city on Sept. 18. He was born in England in 1839, and brought to this country when three years old. He served in the Union Army during the War, and was on the  *Tribune's* staff from 1863 till about six years ago.

—The Jewish Publication Society of America announces "Old European Jewries," by David Philipson, D.D., and the fourth volume of Prof. Graetz's "History of the Jews."

—"The God in the Car" is the singular title of a new novel by Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which the Appletons have in press. It is said to be a "story of the time," though the name does not suggest that fact.

—Dr. Elliott Coues, who has nearly completed his new edition of Pike's Expeditions, has just returned from a canoe trip of over 400 miles to the sources of the Mississippi. He reports the making of many important and interesting discoveries, which will be added to his extensive notes.

—The schedules of Charles L. Webster & Co., who made an assignment in April, have been filed, and show liabilities of \$94,191, nominal assets of \$122,657, actual assets of \$69,164, and net actual assets of \$54,164.

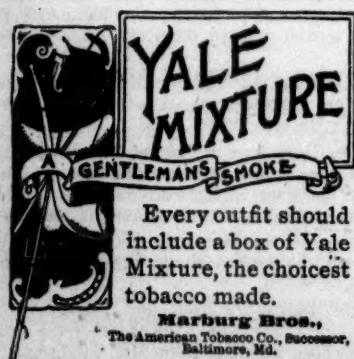
—Mr. Augustin Daly has added Mr. and Mrs. Justin Huntley McCarthy to the staff of his theatre. Mrs. McCarthy (*ale Loftus*) will act in his company, while Mr. McCarthy will translate and adapt plays.

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written more jungle stories for *St. Nicholas*.

—A new edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's "White Company" is to be published soon by D. Appleton & Co. It will contain a photogravure portrait of the author.

### Publications Received

		G. W. Dillingham.
Appleton, R. Elena.	A Story from Pullmantown.	25c.
Bach-Meyer, N.	Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.	
Bennett, C. E.	Tacitus, Dialogus de Oratoribus.	Ginn & Co.
Bibliotheca Sacra.	October, 1897.	Oberlin, O.: E. J. Goodrich.
Bishop, I. B.	Six Months in the Sandwich Islands.	\$2.25.
Braddon, M. E.	All Along the River.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bucke, R. M.	Memories of Walt Whitman.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Carman, B. and Hovey, R.	Songs from Vagabondia.	Philad., Pa.: Reisser's.
Curzon, G. N.	Problems of the Far East.	Copeland & Day.
De Lano, P.	The Empress Eugenie.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Doyle, A. C.	Tr. by E. Taylor.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Durell, F.	The Great Keinplatz Experiment.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Earle, A. M.	New Life in Education.	Phila.: Am. S. S. Union.
Erle, A. M.	Diary of Anna Green Winslow.	\$1.25.
Ellis, E. S.	The Great Cattle Trail.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Fleide, A. M.	A Corner of Cathay.	Philad.: Porter & Coates.
Greely, A. W.	Three Years of Arctic Service.	Macmillan & Co.
Grinnell, E.	How John and I Brought Up the Child.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Hatton, J.	Under the Great Seal.	Cassell Pub. Co.
James, J. A.	English Institutions and the American Indian.	Baltimore: The John Hopkins Press.
Knowles, A. C.	Belief and Worship of the Anglican Church.	Phila.: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Ladd, G. T.	Primer of Psychology.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Lessing, G. E.	Nathan der Weise.	Ed. by S. Primer.
Lord, F. E.	Roman Pronunciation of Latin?	D. C. Heath & Co.
M., A. S.	Red Rose of Savannah.	Ginn & Co.
Meade, L. T.	The Medicine Lady.	G. W. Dillingham.
Metcalfe, R. C. & T.	English Grammar.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Monk, T.	An Altar of Earth.	Am. Book Co.
Old, Old Story, The.		G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Parker, F. W.	Talks on Pedagogica.	(Privately Printed.)
Powell, J. W.	Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.	E. L. Kellogg & Co.
Rhetorica Tablet.		Washington: Government Printing Office.
Robinson, J. H.	Constitution of the Kingdom of Prussia.	Ginn & Co.
Rolfe, J. C.	Cornelius Nepos.	Phila.: Am. Academy of Political & Social Science.
Rollins, G. W.	Preparatory French Reader.	Allyn & Bacon.
Savage, R. H.	Flying Halcyon.	Allyn & Bacon.
Scott, W.	Surgeon's Daughter.	F. Tennyson Neely.
Shakespeare, W.	Merchant of Venice.	Macmillan & Co.
Southworth, E. D. E. N.	Midsummer Night's Dream.	Ed. by I. Gollancz.
Southworth, E. D. E. N.	The Maiden Widow.	Macmillan & Co.
Storer, F. H.	Tried for her Life.	G. W. Dillingham.
Tristam, H. B.	Elementary Manual of Chemistry.	G. W. Dillingham.
Tautphoeus, Baroness.	Quits!	Am. Book Co.
Thayer, W. R.	Poems, New and Old.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Tristam, H. B.	Eastern Customs in Bible Lands.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Vance, J. L.	The Young Man Foursquare.	Thomas Whittaker.
Van Dael, A. N.	Extraits Choisis des Œuvres de Paul Bourget.	Fleming H. Revell Co.
Whymper, E.	Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator.	Ginn & Co.
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